

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY



3 1761 06305083 5

BZ 4.8

M 695 d

THEOL.
STACK

THE DRAMA OF LIFE



The Drama of Life

A Series of Reflections upon Shakespeare's
"Seven Ages"

By

THOS. H. MITCHELL, M.A., B.D.

With Introduction

by

MRS. NELLIE L. McCLUNG

*"And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages."*

"As You Like It." Act ii, Sc. 7.

THOMAS ALLEN

366-378 ADELAIDE STREET, WEST
TORONTO

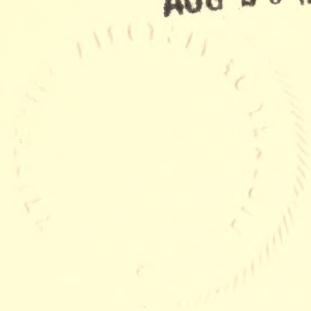
BZ 4.8

M625d

Copyright, 1922, by
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

THEOL.
STACE

AUG 26 1965

A faint, circular library stamp is visible in the lower-left quadrant of the page. The text within the stamp is mostly illegible due to fading, but it appears to be a circular border containing some text, possibly a library name or collection identifier.

TO MY SISTER BELLA,

*In heartfelt gratitude for years of
companionship and helpfulness, this
little book is dedicated.*

*"There is no friend like a sister
In calm or stormy weather,
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands."*



Introduction

IN the west end of one of the western cities, on one of the finest streets, there stands a handsome church. Its lofty spire can be seen for miles. No money was spared in the building of it, for it was erected in the good days before the war when all had money, or thought they had, which is much the same. The brilliant Alberta sunshine comes in through windows of richest coloring. One of the best organs in the West pours its music on the waiting air. The oaken pews are rich in their solid brownness. The gallery has a graceful sweep. The lights are soft and shaded. The carpets are plushy to the feet. The whole structure is a delight to the eye.

For a considerable time, however, the hearts of the people who worshipped there were sorely burdened. Evil days had come upon the city which stands at the gateway of the last great North. The pipes of war had gone skirling through its streets and twelve thousand men had answered the call. Family circles had been broken. Chairs had been made vacant. The congregation had become weak. Thoughts of mortgages and of that hungry, insatiable thing called interest had so obsessed the hearts of the depleted

supporters that to the responsible officials had come the haunting question: Would it have been better if the grand church had not been built? To add to the depression the theatres were full, the golf links on Sunday mornings were crowded, and all summer long the trek to the lakes continued. Had religion lost its power? Had God failed to stand by?

In the summer of 1919 the author of these chapters visited friends in the Parish. He was requested to conduct the services for two or three weeks, and later was induced to remain as temporary supply. He was a stranger to the city and his coming, at first, aroused no enthusiasm. For a few Sundays the roads to the lakes were still black with cars, and the crowds on the golf links suffered no diminishing. Then people began to talk of the new minister, and of his sermons. Women told one another when they met at tea something he had said. His illustrations began to go around the golf course. The dentist told his patients. The man at the service-station told his patrons. It was an elevator boy who told me that I should hear the "new man," and the same day I received a letter from the East telling me not to miss him.

So it came about that a new day dawned for the big church. One Sunday the main auditorium was full, and the faithful rejoiced to behold the sight. Later the overflow went into the gallery,

and new ushers had to be appointed. Still later chairs were brought in from the school-room to accommodate the crowds. Finally that marvelous thing was seen at a church gathering—people standing all through the service, just as they do at a political meeting. I was one of those who listened to the addresses during that winter season. I tried to analyse them, and to discover why they drew us with such power. They flashed upon us with all the charm of a bed of red geraniums in the turn of a dusty road. They fell upon our ears as sweetly as the splashing of water in a burning desert. They comforted us as a wood-fire on a raw November night. And when we came away it seemed as though a well-beloved friend had tarried with us a while and had gladdened us with his delightful companionship.

I was one of those, too, who urged the lecturer to put some of his expositions into printed form so that the constituency for his sane and cheerful philosophy of life might be enlarged. They may lose something in cold type. I cannot tell. But to those of us who heard him speak each word will live again. Once more he will open to us the Scriptures. His friends, east and west, will welcome this helpful series. In many a home, in our northern city, it will be a well-thumbed volume.

NELLIE L. McCLUNG.

Edmonton, Alberta.



Preface

ACCORDING to the writer of Ecclesiastes, "There is no new thing under the sun."

Certainly the pages that follow lay claim to little originality. The matter has been gathered from many sources. The moulds have largely been my own. My special thanks are due to Prof. Francis Peabody, of Harvard, at whose feet I sat one winter; to Dr. Philip Zenner for help upon the problem of heredity; to Sir W. Robertson Nicoll for valuable suggestions in "The Round of the Clock"; to Grant Balfour (J. M. Grant), of Toronto, for advice in various places and for assistance in reading the proofs; and to Jonathan Brierley ("J. B.") for many seed-thoughts that not only have made these chapters possible, but also have enriched my life.

About twenty-five years ago I heard the late Dr. Joseph Parker deliver a masterly address in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. It was based on the familiar text: "Sayest thou this thing of thyself or did another tell it thee of me"? The gist of the message was that he who would go before a class or an audience to press home a vital truth should be able to say—whenever at all possible—"this I have tried and have proved

true." Remembering the principle enunciated that day, I have not hesitated upon occasion to use the personal pronoun I, nor to make appeal to my own experience.

T. H. M.

*St. Andrew's Manse,
New Westminster, B. C.*

Contents

	PAGE
I. INFANCY	17
II. CHILDHOOD	37
III. YOUTH	67
IV. MANHOOD	95
V. MIDDLE AGE.....	119
VI. OLD AGE.....	139
VII. SECOND CHILDHOOD.....	157

I
INFANCY

At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms.

—*Shakespeare.*

And a little child shall lead them.

—*Isaiah.*

A new universe is created every time a child is born.

—*Jean Paul Richter.*

As soon as we begin to live
Then we begin to die,
Into the world we weeping come,
Our whole life tells us why.

—*Anon.*

Of the three-score years and ten allotted to man, none is
more significant than the first three.

—*Walter S. Athearn.*

Of all the guarantees for the progress of the world's
spiritual evolution, there is none more certain than that
which is furnished by the constantly renewed appearance
in it of the child.

—*J. Brierley.*

In praise of little children I will say
God first made man, then found a better way
For woman, but His third way was the best.
Of all created things the loveliest
And most divine are children.

—*William Canton.*

I INFANCY

THE cradle is the rejuvenator of the race. Coulson Kernahan in his little book, "A World Without a Child," asks the question, "What would happen in thirty years if the world had no children in it?" His conviction is that we should become cold, cynical and old. In the lives of little children we adults live our own afresh. A home without a child is little more than a habitation. It is babyhood that makes the home.

"A dreary place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it:
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it."

The cradle is also one of our highest spiritual teachers. How often we debate the question as to the greater teaching merits of the pulpit and the press. In my judgment the cradle is more effective in this regard than either. Among the great verities of religion the ideas of God and duty and immortality are outstanding. Each of these owes a large part of its development to the babe. Consider the conception of God. Our highest notion of Him is of a Father, of One who

loves and is loved, and in whom the Parental affections find scope for ceaseless play. Whence did this great starting point of Christian theology come? From the cradle.

What about the idea of duty? Jesus expressed one of our two big obligations thus: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." How came we by this altruistic impulse? It may be true that in its beginning it was present in the minutest primordial cell, but for its startling development we must go to helpless infancy. Our first parents got their first dim apprehension of the meaning of unselfishness when in prehistoric days, they bent over their little children. The baby-lamb, a few minutes after birth, is on its feet and at its gambols. It is not so with the progeny of the human species. John Fiske assures us that to the infant's immediate and long-continued need of exacting, loving care, we owe in large measure the growth of altruism.

Ponder finally in this connection the doctrine of immortality. We touch the Infinite in a pre-eminent way at two points—at birth and at death. At birth, we enter an unfamiliar world to find a home, with loving hearts and welcoming arms. At death, we approach again an untraversed country. Through fear of entrance into it, some of us remain all our days subject to bondage. The babe's experience should teach us better. Should it not lead us to infer that once again we

may prove the words of the Psalmist true: "Thou preventest us"—that is, "Thou goest before us"—"with the blessings of goodness"? Death is another birth—it is going home.

I

But perhaps the deepest reflection suggested by the cradle lies in the fact that here we have a product of heredity, a bundle of tendencies from the past. What is heredity? It is that biological law according to which all things that have life tend to reproduce themselves in their descendants. It is no new law. It was not discovered by Darwin nor by Weismann. We find it in Genesis and in the Ten Commandments. It is indeed one of the most obvious facts of human life. When Cnaeus Domitius Ahenobarbus was congratulated upon the birth of his son Domitius,—afterward the Emperor Nero—he remarked that of two such people as himself and his wife Agrippina there could be born only some monster who would curse the state. A startling illustration of the broad facts of heredity is to be found in the record of the Jukes family published in 1891. Many years ago, two brothers married two sisters named Jukes. Up to the time of the investigation the descendants of these pairs numbered twelve hundred. Of 709 examined one hundred and forty were found to have been criminals, and to

have spent an aggregate of one hundred and forty years in gaol. Two hundred and forty-nine were discovered to have been of debased morals and to have suffered from nervous and kindred diseases. The cost to the country in seventy-five years was reckoned to have been \$1,308,000. To get the other side of the story of heredity one should read the history of a family like that of Jonathan Edwards. The facts presented by this lineage are equally remarkable.

In recent years many efforts have been made to arrive at more definiteness in the formulation of the laws of heredity. Francis Galton, for instance, after a long series of observations, felt that he had come in sight of two of these. The first he called the law of ancestral inheritance. It is to this effect: the individual receives one-half of his qualities from his parents, one-fourth from his grandparents, one-eighth from his great grandparents, and so on with almost mathematical accuracy. The second he designated the law of filial regression. It finds expression thus: The tendency of the offspring is away from any strong characteristic of the parent, and toward the general average of the race. This second law he rated as complementary to the first. Perhaps all who have meditated upon the subject are agreed that family traits, racial peculiarities and the things that distinguish species, as species, are inheritable. There seems to be no doubt about

native and inherent qualities, but what about acquired characteristics? For instance: Certain modifications occur in body, in mind or in character, such as a callosity of the skin due to friction, an injury to the heart brought on by over-stimulation, a deformity of the skeleton induced by long-continued or peculiar occupation, a mental culture developed by constant and arduous study, or an all-round character built up by patient watchfulness and struggle. Are these acquired products transmissible? This question is by no means settled. Observers take opposite views concerning it. Among vitalist philosophers there is a strong tendency to answer "Yes."

What is vitalism? The term covers the thought of a large number of philosophers who work in different departments of research. It suggests the abandonment of what is known as the mechanical theory of the universe, and the recognition of the fact that in the world there is something that is, in itself, creating and self-creative. Vitalism has an ancient history. Its roots go back to the teaching of Aristotle. An important modern phase of it is known as Neo-Lamarckianism. The designation comes from Lamarck, a Frenchman born in Picardy, in 1744. He was laughed at by his contemporaries and by many after his time, chiefly because, being blind and poor, he was often forced to base his general-

izations on a too narrow observation of facts. Today, however, there is a revulsion in his favor. He assumed the evolution of all species from a common source, and affirmed that variations were due to a psychical factor in nature. This factor has been expressed in the form of two great principles. According to the first, an organism is endowed with the faculty of responding to any change in its environment by an alteration of its functional condition and form. According to the second, an organism has the power of keeping and of storing its variations, and of handing them down to the next generation. The former of these principles is known as active adaptation; the latter as the inheritance of acquired characteristics. The weight of opinion in regard to the inheritability of acquired characteristics tends, I think, toward a negative conclusion, but personally I am not convinced. If it be true that we have come to be what we are by an evolutionary process, have not the qualities that we designate native and inherent been acquired at one stage or another? How then can we draw a clear line of demarcation between these and the so-called acquired characteristics? It is comforting, however, to be assured that disease, except in very rare cases, is not passed on to our descendants. The thing that is transmitted is not the specific ailment, but rather a constitutional weakness, that intensifies susceptibility. In other words, the

child of delicate parents is liable to inherit a predisposition that may, on provocation, induce disease.

II

Here an important consideration suggests itself. Is it possible for the child to be better born? Is a selective birthrate obtainable? If so how may it be secured? This is the fascinating problem of eugenics.

In the jungle there are destructive and beneficent forces of nature that act without restraint. On the one hand, the weaker lower animals perish; on the other, the strong survive. In the early days of human development natural selection, or the survival of the fittest, undoubtedly exercised a like influence. But there came a time when man began to control unbridled forces. Guided by his growing intelligence, and prompted by his higher nature, he succeeded to a large extent in preventing the elimination of the weak. In so doing, he gave opportunity to the latter to multiply at the expense of the strong. Ruskin says that the imprudent and the selfish too often marry and have like progeny, while the thoughtful and the pure too frequently remain celibate. It has been computed that about twenty out of every hundred of each generation bring forth seventy-five percent of the generation fol-

lowing, and that of these twenty who propagate their kind, the majority belong to the class least fitted to bear and to rear children. It may be that these statements are extreme, but they serve to excite our wonder as to the future of the race. There is a manifest danger. The question presses: What may be done to avert it?

In several states of the American Union the legislatures have enacted laws legalizing the application of a very drastic method to the degenerate and the criminal. It is doubtful, however, if public opinion will ever permit this kind of treatment to such an extent as will make it a decided eugenic influence. But even if the conscience of mankind should give approbation to this experiment, it is in my opinion a method that could not be extensively practised without a much more thorough understanding than we at present possess of the parts played by heredity and environment in moulding great classes of society.

A second way of meeting the threatened danger has been designated the economic. From a comparatively recent study of conditions in some of the industrial districts of England, Karl Pearson, the British eugenicist, has arrived at the conclusion that the economic value of the child largely influences the birth-rate. For instance: When child-labor laws that lessened the earning capacity of the child were introduced, it was found that

the birth rate diminished ; whereas in cases where the children were supported by charity their number suffered no decline. He argues that as the birth-rate is largely an economic problem, it becomes a question of rightly controlling the economic forces. He suggests that as much aid as possible should be directed into channels where it will assist families of the right kind. That is to say, he would have fit fathers and mothers, when rearing children, endowed at the expense of unfit parents and of childless men and women. He would also establish a general system of insurance in the interests of childhood and motherhood, that would give special consideration to the fit rather than to the unfit. He would inaugurate and keep up such a system by contributions from the workman, the employer and the state. He would veto indiscriminating old-age pensions because, in his opinion, they too often act as an encouragement to the unfit. These proposals are novel and interesting, and my only reason for rapidly passing over them is that they deserve a closer examination than the limits of this chapter will permit.

The third, and last method that has been put forward as calculated to meet the peril said to be confronting the race, has been termed the educational. Galton cited it as likely to give a partial solution of the eugenic problem, but Dr. Philip Zenner, in his " Mind Care and Other Es-

says," thinks that in it lies our main hope. Prof. George Albert Coe is more emphatic. He asserts that eugenic control of the stock through education concerning reproduction and racial interests is already in sight. My own conviction is that education in its best sense—the drawing out of the highest powers of body, mind and spirit—should do two things for us in this connection. In the first place, it should be able to find a way of determining the fitness of candidates for wedlock. This need not be looked upon as an unrealizable dream. One hears already that health certificates and publicity should be made requisites for marriage. Indeed measures to this effect have in some parts of the world been already enacted into law. Then secondly, and in another way, education should be capable of improving the quality of the offspring about to be born. The military bent of Napoleon was no accident. His mother rode on a horse and slept in a tent; he was born in the midst of war; he was a veritable son of Mars. Charles Kingsley's mother believed that all the impressions made on her own mind by the romantic surroundings of her Devonshire home would be transmitted to her child about to be born. Was she mistaken? Ponder the words of her son thirty years later: "The thought of the West Country will make me burst into tears at any moment." Catherine Booth declared that she would never give birth to an irreligious child.

She never did.* If, then, by careful preparation a selective birth-rate and a selective birth-quality may be secured in the herd of the field, and in certain circles of the human family, who will doubt that some day education, especially if reinforced by religion, will prove itself sufficient to guarantee a rich inheritance to the child of the average home?

III

We come now to our final query: Taking the babe in the cradle as he is, must his future be determined by the quality of inherited germ-cells? In other words, can environment, the sum of all the agencies and influences that affect the child from without, modify inheritance? To begin with, we shall do well to remember that our whole educational system is based on this assumption. The facts of experience, too, seem to justify it. Heredity, in a sense, is a fixed fact, but environment is capable of indefinite improvement. The latter cannot alter species, but beyond peradventure it has a marvelous potency. Dr. Amory Bradford, in his "Heredity and Christian Problems," tells us that more than eighty per cent. of the inmates of the Massachusetts Reformatory

* It may be said, however, that biologists hardly expect a very radical short-time modification of the stock through individual experience.

live honourable lives after discharge to the extent, at least, that they are never again committed for crime. If a favorable environment can thus affect the adult and the old, have we not the right to anticipate still greater things from its pressure when steadily exerted upon the plastic young? For instance: If one could take an infant born in a haunt of vice, could place it in a home of comfort and surround it with refining spiritual influences, is it likely that in twenty years it would be easy for a stranger to guess its unfavourable origin? Here is the testimony of Dr. Barnardo, who has tried this experiment on a large scale: "A child with a degraded list of ancestors is, say many, in the hopeless grip of an iron law which always tends downward. To this statement I strongly demur. Thousands of children have passed through my hands during all these years, and I desire to set my seal to the statement that I have never known a case where the rescue was accomplished early enough, and where the training was thorough and continued sufficiently long, in which there has occurred a definite revulsion to some ancestral type of badness."

In Toronto an improvement in outer influences effected in recent years, has remarkably decreased infant mortality. In 1913 the Division of Infant and Child Welfare had not been organized in the Department. During the four months of June, July, August and September the deaths of

infants under one year old, from all causes, numbered 842. In 1914 the Division referred to was established, and, with the exception of 1916, which was an unusually trying year, the decrease in mortality has since continued. In 1917 the deaths for the same four months, from all causes, totalled only 375, while the births remained about the same as in 1913. Comparing 1913 with 1917, it will be seen that a change in environment for the infants of Toronto meant, in one third of the latter year, the saving of 467 lives.

Perhaps the best object lesson at the National Exhibition held in Toronto in 1917, was one concerning this matter, prepared by the Provincial Board of Health. The information given was both striking and timely. It would be of untold value to the coming generation, if the main facts of that exhibit could be sent broadcast over the continent, and visualized in every home.

But it remains to be said that the chief influence of environment on the cradle is not physical at all. It is mental and spiritual. We hear much today about the germ. I do not doubt that the imprecations cast upon it are deserved. But the activity of the germ in the realm of the material is far transcended in the regions of mind and character. I have heard it said that farmers like to sow in mist. Infancy is the misty period of human life. Jean Paul Richter used to affirm that more could be accomplished by the educator,

with one half the effort, during the first year of a child's life, than in any other year, with double the endeavor. In his opinion each succeeding instructor works with an increasing disadvantage. He urged that special attention should be paid in this early impressible time to morality, for love or injustice then would exert a profound influence through all the coming years. I believe that the German educator was right. The tendency of many a life is fixed before the child can distinguish right from wrong. A word charged with sympathy, an act saturated with love, have a mystic power. Good or evil in the environment will appeal to the good or to the evil in the child. At the Exhibition of 1917 in Toronto, a rough stock man was heard to remark, "I allow no profanity nor boisterousness in my stables. I have become convinced that such conduct hinders the development of my cattle." If that discovery has been made regarding the beast of the stall, it ought not to be difficult to discern the parent's line of duty toward the more delicate inmate of the cradle.

IV

It is a sad reflection upon our civilization, however, to be told that the home is disappearing at each of our two social extremes. It is so among the poor. For reasons that we cannot stop to

consider, the modern trek is strongly toward the city. Multitudes are therefore crowded together and forced to live in a smothering environment. Charles Booth in his "Life and Labors of the People of London," tells us that in the English metropolis there were, twenty-five years ago, more than two million people who, singly or in companies, lived in one room—cooked, ate, slept and bathed within the same four walls. In the great centres of this continent conditions are very similar. In the tenements of New York City there were, quite recently, 300,000 rooms into which the light of day could not come. Indeed one is frequently amazed to discover how people live even in some of the Canadian prairie cities. In the Conference of 1919, at Winnipeg, I heard Peter Wright, the veteran labor leader, tell of visiting a house, a day or two before, in which he had found nineteen people crowded into four rooms. The proper rearing of children under such conditions is impossible.

On the other hand, the home among the rich is having a hard struggle. The wealthy, today, are strangers and pilgrims as they never were before. They have so many houses that in none of them are they able to abide for any length of time. The increase of wealth makes for luxury. The progress of invention encourages traveling from place to place. Such modes of life are not conducive to home-making.

Among the middle classes, where the old-fashioned customs still battle for existence, materialism and hurry are getting a hold to an extent unknown in former years. One day Professor Huxley went to a meeting of the British Association at Dublin. Finding that he was behind time on his arrival at the station, he jumped into an Irish jaunting car and said to his escort: "Drive fast! I'm late." Coming to himself a little later, Huxley said to his Irish Jehu, as he whirled through the city streets, "Do you know where we're going?" "No," came the answer, "but I know we're going fast!"

Here we have a picture of ourselves. We are all in a hurry. Frankly I do not see how we can slacken the pace unless we decide to live more simply. We must learn to discriminate between wants and needs. The two oldest manuscripts of the New Testament give a suggestive rendering of "the one thing needful" in the recorded incident concerning Mary and Martha. They make the Master say: "But few things are necessary, or one." The lesson, according to this reading, becomes one of simplicity. On the occasion of Christ's visit to the home at Bethany, Martha was anxious to prepare for Jesus a great repast. Mary opposed the plan. She argued that just because Jesus was a great man his tastes would be simple, and that there was already in the larder ample provision to satisfy his needs. Be-

sides, the time Martha proposed to spend in the kitchen could, in Mary's opinion, be better spent in fellowship with Jesus. Martha, however, took her own way and possibly had some misfortune. Later she came to Jesus in a flurry, complaining that she was having no help from Mary. Jesus commended Mary and reproved the method and the spirit of the anxious sister. I confess that Martha was once my favorite. She is so no longer. The world has too many Marthas. The average home carries too much baggage. History tells us of a general who won a famous victory by throwing away his impedimenta. Conquests just as significant for multitudes who are sorely pressed would follow a like procedure today.

A story told by F. W. Boreham in one of his books suggests another truth that looks toward an improvement in many home conditions. It is of a man who had a passion for the British Empire. He joined whatever organizations bore its name or concerned its glory. He was, however, not always considerate of his own home. One day he had not been sufficiently kind to his wife, and, woman-like, she had given way to weeping. All at once, in spite of her disappointment, she drew herself up, threw back her head and pushed away her tears. Picking up her baby from the cradle she quickly placed it in the arms of her husband and exclaimed, "There, take your little bit of empire while I dish up the potatoes." It would

be well for parents everywhere to ponder the significance of these words. A father's little bit of empire is first of all at home. Failure to recognize this primary fact is one of the main defects of modern civilization. Napoleon once affirmed that the great need of France was mothers. It is my profound conviction that the supreme requirement of the world, today, is an intelligent parentage, unreservedly devoted to the cradle, for the accomplishment of the highest task that has been committed to mankind.

“Little hands, that vainly grasp:
Little feet, so soft to clasp:
Downy head and yielding form:
Let me hold thee close and warm.

Hold thee close a little space,
Heart to heart and face to face,
Then I pass and thou wilt be
Mine own Immortality.

In thy body, brain and heart,
I, who vanish, have a part;
Good or ill, the gifts I give,
In thy living they shall live.”

II
CHILDHOOD

Then the whining school-boy with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school.

—*Shakespeare.*

If national order is to be recognised as a benefit in later years, children must first be accustomed to law and order, and therein find the means to freedom.

—*Froebel.*

A school is not merely an intellectual workshop, but a community where the emotions are stirred, the imagination quickened and ideals of life imparted.

—*Walter S. Athearn.*

Certainly the education which has rendered possible, which has favored (being practically uniform among the people whom we call civilized) the frightful catastrophe under which we are now half buried, should not be allowed to endure for a moment.

—*Anatole France.*

I have told you these anecdotes to prove to you what eager impulses our little scholars would have toward all that is good if anyone were to exhort them and to urge them on. But the harm springs partly from the fault of teachers who teach us how to argue, not how to live.

—*Lucius Annaeus Seneca.*

I am convinced also that nothing is more essential to national prosperity and happiness than education. The potentialities—physical, mental and spiritual—of any community should be developed to the fullest extent. A true education would embrace all these, would cultivate all in due proportion, and would transform our national life in a generation.

—*King George V.*

II

CHILDHOOD

THE second period of human life begins with the dawning consciousness of the ego, and ends with the approach of puberty. In other words, it extends from the age of three to thirteen or fourteen. If we subtract a couple of years from its beginning it coincides with the time required for passage through the various forms of the public school. A French professor has lately said that in fourteen years a nation may be transformed, providing the young and growing children are rightly trained toward the desired end. The statement seems like an exaggeration, yet in view of what Germany was able to do in a limited period, it cannot be far from the truth. In a generation or two she remade her national character, but re-fashioned it for ill. How may we transform the life of our country for good?

Like many other things the conception of education is today in the melting pot. There was a time when elementary education was thought to mean proficiency in the three R's—reading, writing and 'rithmetic. In recent years it has been held to be the cultivation of the three H's—the hand, the head and the heart. Today, the task of

the educator, in every stage of the process, is to awaken and to draw out the higher powers of the complex human personality, and to build into these the elements necessary to fit them for the varied tasks and enjoyments of life. The project, it will be seen at once, is very difficult. It claims for those who labor at it, all possible assistance and sympathy.

I

To begin with, one factor in the problem is physical. Some one has compared the human body to a motor. It has all the wheels, pulleys, valves and levers known to modern mechanics. Another has defined man as a tool-using animal. The tool nearest to him is his own body and it is little known. It has often been affirmed that many of our avoidable diseases have their origin in the stomach. Yet how few of us know much about the foods we eat, and about their desirable combinations! At the International Congress of School Hygienists held in London, in 1907, the president called attention to the profound ignorance of the average home regarding the laws of health, and expressed the conviction that some remedy should be devised if the children were to get the best equipment for life. In the fall of 1917, an educational survey was carried on in the Province of Saskatchewan under the auspices of

the Provincial Government. It was thought best to have the investigation conducted by an impartial observer. The work was accordingly placed in charge of Harold W. Foght, Ph.D., specialist in rural school practice, Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C. A comprehensive report was issued in January, 1918. In this report Dr. Foght writes: "The average person knows little about national health, and of his own health in its individual and national aspects. Without question the common disregard for personal and community health is due largely to indifferent methods of teaching hygiene in the schools, or to the fact that hygiene holds only a secondary and incidental place in the school curriculum." Dr. Foght found health conditions in the rural schools of Saskatchewan "notoriously bad," and in the towns and villages little better. Among the 2273 children taken from typical schools and examined, he discovered an aggregate of 3127 defects.

In 1919, similar conditions were found to prevail in Alberta. Between the months of September and December a complete physical examination was made of 989 children in the public schools of Edmonton. Of this number 447 were found to be in need of remedial care. The Director of the Dental Department was emphatic in his declaration that over eighty-five per cent. of all the children had defective teeth.

This situation is not peculiar to Western

Canada. A few years ago a committee of prominent educators in New York City reported that judging from an examination of 1400 attendants at the public schools there were perhaps twelve million children in the United States having physical defects that called for attention.

"Good health," Dr. Foght truly says, "can't be legislated into people, but fortunately it can be instilled into them as children in the school whenever they are given the advantages of a thorough-going health programme." The good work has been begun, but not too soon.

A second phase of the educator's task is mental. In the early years of childhood, Fancy rules. The boy lives in a realm of legends, myths and fairies. Between six and nine the logical processes have not developed, but reason has announced its coming. Fortunate is the child, in this plastic period, whose teacher realizes that education is more than mere instruction. One of the favorite convictions of Socrates was that important truths could be educed from the mind of a child by judicious questioning. When Helen Keller was first told about God she remarked that she had always realized His presence but had not known His name. Kenneth Richmond in his "Permanent Values in Education" expresses the opinion that "the desire to impart information is perhaps the commonest and the least valuable of the motives that go to make a teacher. A desire to communicate

true and sound methods of thought is not so common and is of immensely greater value."

Here, then, is something deserving of reiteration. It is more important to teach a child to observe and to reason, than to induce him to get by heart the observations of others. In my childhood, an interesting passage in one of our textbooks was the story of the dervish and the camel. I remember how accurately the strange traveler described to the seeking owner the lost animal, though he had never seen it. He had noticed its tracks, the peculiarities of its bite, and the fragments of the burden it had dropped along the way. Russell Conwell's book, "Observation: Every Man His Own University," is entirely devoted to the importance of developing our observing powers. Richard Roberts, in "The Renaissance of Faith," declares that the average man, today, is thoughtless. This, he affirms, is attested by the quality of the books he reads and by his blind propensity to follow leaders. How is this condition to be remedied? How is a teacher to develop thinking capacity under present limitations? The question is one for the tax-payer. A fundamental necessity to the proper equipment of our elementary schools, is a larger teaching staff. I can think of no investment that would pay the community better.

A third element of the process under discussion is vocational. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll writes

that in China, when a boy is twelve months old, he is given weighing scales, a foot-rule, a mirror, a pair of scissors, a piece of paper and a pencil. The query with the parents is: "What will he do with these?" Will he put his hand to the pencil? If so, he will be a scholar. We of the Occident hardly deem a baby, one year old, wise enough to decide upon a profession. Neither do we believe that a boy in the years of childhood is thoroughly capable of making a good choice. But when we remember that about eighty out of a hundred of our children go no further in the educational curriculum than to the end of the public school course, it becomes important that the last year or two should fit them as much as possible for the parts they may have to play in life. For the boys and the girls who are nearing the end of the public school instruction, and who do not intend to go further, the studies, in my judgment, should be theoretical in the morning, and entirely practical in the afternoon. In addition to the furnishing of these pupils with a better preparation for life, such a method would fit in with the love of games and puzzles so characteristic of the pre-adolescent period, and also would absorb, in large measure, the restlessness and the destructiveness that at this stage have always been so hard to control. The practical education here suggested is, of course, receiving attention now. At the Edmonton Exposition, held in the fall of 1919, I

was delighted to note that the first prize for bread had been won by a girl of eleven, who had been trained in one of the public schools of the city. My thought is that this vocational aspect might receive yet more attention. Dr. Foght recommends pre-vocational courses for children as young as those in the fifth grade. He believes that the entire curriculum, both in elementary and in secondary schools, should be "shot through and through with occupational information."

Certainly another feature of any true educational advancement is ethical. One hears a great deal today about the weaknesses of democracy. During the war, President Wilson declared that in addition to making the world secure for democracy, we were faced with the task of making democracy safe for the world. Before one attempts to prescribe a cure, he should diagnose the case. What is wrong with democracy? In my opinion its diseases are due to a one-sided development. For instance: During the last hundred years the physical sciences have all but been created. One result of this has been a prodigious increase in material production. Gladstone once declared that the creation of wealth in the first fifty years of the nineteenth century had been as great as that of eighteen centuries before, and that the amount produced during the first twenty years of the last half of the same century had been as large as during the eighteen hundred

and fifty years preceding. Knowledge, too, in recent years, has been widely diffused, with the consequence that human wants have been many times multiplied. What about progress in morals? We have not done so well with the laws of the spirit, as with the laws of matter and of mind. We have achieved improvement, to be sure, but there has been no parity of advancement. The result is a dangerous situation.

In his "Past and Present," Carlyle could see no hope for the world in democracy. He favored an aristocracy of the best. Many more recent thinkers have re-echoed his conclusions. It may be admitted that in his doctrine of the strong man we have a real social solution. The way of redemption has ever been through a Redeemer. The serious difficulty in Carlyle's method, however, is that of finding the right kind of strong man. The Kaiser William II was no weakling, but into what depths of trial did he plunge his country and the world? Besides, no amount of rhetoric can make right the ownership of one man by another. The germ of democracy is in our blood. It works today as the most intense sort of leaven. The remedy for our ills lies in a democracy that is more ubiquitous and of higher quality. In "The New Era" Stephen Leacock affirms that our future lies in this direction or nowhere. We must strengthen our schools for character. The thing that has been found in the

world at large is evident in our schools. Indeed, it is prevalent in our civilization because we have not guarded against it in the curriculum. We have taught the children to write and, too often, have equipped forgers. We have initiated them into the mysteries of chemistry and have developed dynamiters. What is the use of making our children clever if we do not also make them good? Ponder the statement made a few years ago by President-Emeritus Eliot, of Harvard, in regard to such conditions: "Our educational system, judged from the standpoint of character, threatens to become a failure. The result is seen in low ethical standards and in the spirit of lawlessness that everywhere abounds."

A more recent writer, Mr. Ernest R. Groves, in "Rural Problems of Today," asserts that the teaching of the past has been too individualistic. Doubtless he is right. The symbol most truly descriptive of society is neither the sand-heap nor the chemical compound, but the organism. The striking thing about an organism is that its parts are mutually dependent. Society needs to learn this fundamental fact about itself.* If, as Dean Frank D. Adams, of McGill University, asserts, the great modern menace is public inertia, what

* A noted scholar has expressed the conviction that if as much attention had been paid in recent years to social science as to the natural sciences the great war, in all probability, would not have occurred.

better time for beginning to cope with this national weakness than the pre-adolescent years! In this period the social instincts that find expression in group-names and in team-play begin to expand. For the educator who has time, inclination and wisdom, the gate of opportunity at this stage, if ever, stands ajar. Professor Coe's book, "A Social Theory of Religious Education," is largely an amplification of this thought.

A further quality calling for the attention of the teacher is the æsthetic. It may seem to some an anti-climax that the consideration of this characteristic should follow that of the ethical. But, in reality, our discussion is taking the proper order. The three ideas of the reason are the true, the good and the beautiful. Justin McCarthy tells us that he once asked John Stuart Mill which was the higher, the good or the beautiful. The answer Mill gave was: "The beautiful, inasmuch as it is the good made perfect." In the inspired word we read that grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. The beautiful is the good, dressed graciously. We are rightly giving to music an important place in our juvenile classes, but what of the fine arts in general, and of beauty in particular? I wonder if we are not falling short here?

Is it not apparent that the average room in which we house our children, whether on Sunday or on Monday, is very bare and unsightly? Our

ancestors, in Reformation times, threw out the pictures and the statues. We moderns do not sympathize with this extreme. Eye-gate is often a likelier avenue for truth and grace than ear-gate. "The ministry of beauty as a source of refreshment and uplifting," says Dr. W. R. Rainsford in "A Preacher's Story of His Life and Work," "is of immense value. When I am tired, I can get more rest by looking at a sunset for twenty minutes than by anything else in the world."

Beauty, however, does not always minister in a helpful way. It is like the hireling troops of the Middle Ages; it will fight for a consideration on either side. In ancient Greece it encouraged sensuality. When does the appeal of beauty fail in ethical uplift? When it does not take us beyond ourselves. We gaze upon a picture, for instance, and desire to appropriate it. We walk through an estate and become proud that it is ours. In either case beauty merely ministers to our selfishness.

Again the attraction of beauty fails when it does not take us beyond the object in which we find it. To Wordsworth's Peter Bell the primrose was only a little flower.

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

To Tennyson it was a symbol with deepest meaning:

“Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.”

That is to say, Tennyson saw in the little flower the connection between *it* and all else. It led him out into the universal harmony.

I beg to mention one additional matter that lies at the heart of our whole educational riddle. I have reference to the importance attaching to the development of individuality. The most interesting characteristic of any personality is its uniqueness. In the world of nature we find a marvelous variety. No two mountains, no two trees, no two blades of grass are quite alike. The same is true in the realm of human nature. I once saw two boys in whom I could detect no dissimilarities. They were twins. I spoke to their mother about my difficulty. “Oh,” said she, “my sons are not at all alike.” Personally I am glad that each of us is naturally different from every other. But there are many forces at work, and perhaps more now than ever before, that tend to weaken individuality. These influences ought to be opposed. The one thing that we should be jealous of, that we should try to

get a patent for, is our individuality. We should make it granite in our lives. We should allow nothing to sandpaper it away. We are weak when we mimic others. We are strong when we are ourselves. Paul was surely inspired when he wrote to Timothy: "Stir up the gift of God that is in thee."

In this direction our schools can do little more than they are at present achieving so long as their equipment remains as it is. One of our collegiate teachers has described the situation as he sees it in these words: "I talk in my school room to a procession. I have five classes daily with an average attendance of thirty pupils in each. I cannot come into close contact with these boys and girls. I do not even know their names." What is thus true of the secondary schools is still more characteristic of the elementary grades, in which a single instructor has often the supervision of forty children. We have altogether too few teachers, and many of these we shall not hold. Glittering inducements are being dangled before their eyes every day. Many newspaper vendors on the corners of our streets reap greater material compensations. In Saskatchewan where, as Dr. Foght declares, the teachers are paid more liberally than in most other provinces of Canada, the average salary is little beyond eight hundred dollars per year. What wonder that only twenty-eight per cent. of the teachers are men, or that

many of the young girls who must be depended on are using their positions as mere stepping stones to something better! A newspaper recently told the story of a fox-ranch in one of the Canadian provinces. The manager of the ranch is paid three thousand dollars a year for looking after fifty foxes. A teacher in the school-house opposite receives three hundred dollars per year for training fifty children. The absurdity of such a disproportion in remuneration is apparent. This, of course, is an old story. From many sources we learn that the school masters of the ancient world were very inadequately paid. But it is a story that should be again and again repeated, until the day dawns when it will be no longer true.

II

As one reflects upon the factors that have been thus reviewed, the conviction grows that our system of education is weak in all. Perhaps, however, the phase that needs most strengthening is the ethical. It was to discuss this feature of the problem that 1400 Canadian citizens traveled to the Winnipeg Conference in October of 1919. That assembly of representative educators emphasized the child as the chief asset, and as the key to the solution of many difficulties. It exalted the work of the teacher, and called upon the tax-

payer to make the remuneration more worthy of the task. But upon the particular question as to how to strengthen the moral factor in elementary education it threw little light. That problem was given over to the National Educational Council of Canada appointed by the Convention and to the Investigating Bureau that the Council was enjoined to bring into existence.

The question is admittedly difficult. It involves the finding of three things: A right moral ideal, an adequate dynamic, and an effective way to bring the dynamic to bear upon the child.

As to the ideal there ought not to be much trouble. In the Platonic psychology feeling and will were the steeds and reason the charioteer. From time to time reason was represented as lifting its head and looking beyond, into the invisible, to get direction from the ideal. Christendom has advantages, in this regard, over the world of Plato's day. Our Ideal has been lived. It has walked and talked on earth. The Word has been made flesh and has dwelt among us. Undoubtedly the highest desire we can entertain for our children is that they may attain the four-fold development of One in Palestine who "grew in wisdom and in stature, in favor with God and with man."

The matter of an adequate dynamic is not so easy. There are two divergent views. According to the one ethics need not be buttressed by

metaphysics. Moral rules have been reached empirically, and may be impressed upon the student without any religious appeal. According to the other ethics and metaphysics must not be divorced. Morality can be made effectual only when grounded in the truths of religion. I confess that I am in sympathy with the latter position. Reason seems to confirm it. What, for instance, is elementary education but an effort to answer the eternal "why" of the child? And how can that question be fairly met without a reference to the truths of religion? If the function of the public school is to teach the art of living together, the following queries suggested by Professor Coe are pertinent: How can we go far in the development of this art without teaching the brotherhood that is of the heart? And how can we teach the brotherhood that is of the heart without coming in sight of the foundation doctrine of Christian teaching—the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God?

The appeal to history strengthens this position. Stoicism was almost wholly a system of ethics, but the historian assures us that he can find little trace of its influence in the after-vicissitudes of the Roman Empire. Every ethical revival that has occurred down the centuries has been preceded by a religious awakening. Every weakening of the religious sanction has been followed by deterioration in morals. The method of the

greatest Teacher the world has seen is suggestive, too, in this connection. The acme of Christ's moral instruction is perhaps found in the words: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." The first part of this statement: "Be ye therefore perfect" is ethical. The modifying remainder "Even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect" is metaphysical. That is to say, Christ interpreted the ethical by a reference to the metaphysical. So that, by various lines of argument, we are led to the conclusion that the religious motive is essential to the effectiveness of moral teaching. Washington anticipated this verdict when, in his farewell address, he said: "Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of a peculiar structure, reason and experience forbid us to expect national morality in the exclusion of religious principle."

But the mere mention of the word religion, in any discussion of elementary education, is the occasion of much uneasiness. The sectarian fears for the safety of the little system he hugs so closely to his heart. The liberal objects to the interpretation of religion in the language of sectarianism. The radical professes to regard all religious beliefs as superstition, and protests against their mention in any form. John H. Finley, formerly Commissioner of Education for the State of New York, was quite right when, in

speaking of this difficulty in his own country, he said: "A State giving welcome to all creeds, cannot in its public schools, which it taxes all to support and which it wishes the children of all to enter, impose any creedal teaching without contravening the very principle of freedom that is at the foundation of this Republic of diverse traditions, tongues and creeds." And yet, if it be true, as Socrates long ago asserted, that all men are agreed upon the things that are eternal, would not a sane campaign, having for its object the separation of religion from its incidents and its accidents, remove the objections stated above?

What, for instance, is Presbyterianism? Historically it has stood for four things: Calvinism in theology, simplicity in worship, government by elders, and a national Church. If a Presbyterian is a good man, however, it is not loyalty to one, nor to all four, of these principles that makes him so. Rather is it his fidelity to basic truths that are common to all the communions. What, then, are these? Cannot we discover them? Are they not fairly clear in our age?

Why not begin with the Three Reverences that Goethe made the basis of all moral education? A famous passage in "Wilhelm Meister" tells how the boys in the harvest field, at the approach of Wilhelm and Felix, dropped their work and adopted distinctive attitudes. The youngest folded their arms over their breasts and looked

up. The older held their hands upon their backs and looked down. The oldest placed their arms by their sides and looked to the right. Upon asking the meaning of this strange procedure Wilhelm was told that the postures were meant to inculcate the three great Reverences that make a man—reverence for the things beneath, for the things about, and for the things above. But is not this teaching merely a re-statement in concrete form of the Old Testament summary: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God"? Is anything sectarian or controversial to be found in these essentials that Micah and Goethe emphasized? Yet a code of morals containing Ten laws intended for the children of American schools and commended by the National Institution for Moral Instruction of Washington, D. C., makes no mention of the third and most vital of the three. "Among the things left undone that we ought to have done," says a recent writer, "has been the bringing out the unity that underlies the diversities of religious thought, and the result is intellectual chaos in spiritual matters."

But assuming general agreement as to ideal and dynamic there is the further question of method. Of course the most effectual means is through the silent influence of the teacher. It was a dictum of the long ago that morals could

not be taught, but might be caught. The latter part of this assertion, at any rate, is true. The teacher's most potent force for good or ill is the atmosphere he carries with him. But in what way is this personal influence to be supplemented? Here again there is a lack of unanimity. Professor Dewey, an advocate of the Rousseau-Pestalozzi-Froebel school of educational thought, defines education as "a process by which children are to find out how to make knowledge when it is needed." But Kenneth Richmond in his "Permanent Values in Education" contends that knowledge is a thing that has to be preserved and handed down through the educational system precisely and most importantly when it is not needed. He continues: "It is essential that children should develop a social sense of their own in schools which are 'true republics of childhood,' in Froebel's phrase, but this is not the end of the matter. They have to realize the best social traditions of their age and of the ages before; and these have to be presented to them so that their own developing social sense may go out to welcome the presentation; but the presentation itself comes to them from without interpreted by those who teach them."

Mr. Richmond, in my judgment, is quite right. Character education through objectives, through emphasizing the concrete, through making the child the rediscoverer of social values, is a method

pedagogically unassailable. But is it true that "we cannot store up material in the memory unless it be first rooted in experience"? Instruction, in the strict sense of building into the child that which society sees as truth, is surely a sane process of social guidance. The years, for instance, between nine and twelve constitute the golden period of memory. Should not advantage be taken of this fact to deposit in the mind some of the moral treasures of the race? Not long ago I visited a man, ninety-three years of age, who lay upon his death-bed. Said he to me: "Would you like to hear me repeat the first poem I ever learned?" Upon my answering in the affirmative he quoted it word for word, without mistake. He could not remember events that had quite recently occurred, but on the day before his death he could recall the lessons impressed upon his mind in childhood. That little poem had been a constant source of strength and delight to him for over four-score years. My conviction is that each of the processes under consideration should be recognised and used. To emphasize either at the expense of the other is to illustrate the folly of seeing only one side of truth.

III

In this great project of vitalizing the moral factor in elementary education the public school

has some splendid allies. One of these is the Church with its Sabbath schools, mission bands and other organizations. In the serious questioning of our time the Church is getting its share of criticism. It is well that this should be so. The danger is that we should expect too little from the Church rather than too much. My chief complaint is that it has never fully demonstrated to the world that it is the spirit of love wisely organized. Going about from place to place as I have done during the past few years, I have had a former conviction deepened that the work of the Church school is on the whole slipshod and inefficient. One difficulty found almost everywhere lies in getting teachers of the right kind, or indeed of any kind. Tools and environment are important, but the capable teacher is even more so. Given adequate instruction and wise leadership almost any sort of organization may be made effectual.

I attended a Sunday school session recently in a new district of the Sacramento Valley in California. There were one hundred people present, both old and young, and all were included in four classes. I have seldom enjoyed a more profitable exercise. I am becoming more and more persuaded that the organization of the Sunday school should be moulded after that of the week-day schools with large and æsthetic rooms. An expert teacher with two assistants might be put in charge

of each form. Thirty or more children could be taught in every class and one third of this number could be allotted to each of the three teachers for week-day supervision and visitation. It is by no means easy in any of our congregations to secure twenty or thirty men and women specially fitted for the work of the Sunday school, but in almost any body of believers it would be possible to lay one's hands on a sufficient number of expert instructors to take charge of several large and well-organized classes. Such an arrangement would appeal to the best minds among our people, and would facilitate a co-operation with public and high schools that is much to be desired. In many States of the American Union this movement has already been initiated with gratifying results.*

But whatever methods we adopt we may be certain that the work of the Sunday school is the one big thing in the local church that deserves its best thought and endeavor. The purpose of the day-school was long thought to be the teaching of the individualistic secret of how to get on. As previously intimated it is now seen to be nothing short of instructing the children in the art of living together. In this higher task the Sunday school is truly supplementary. Its aim is to heighten the consciousness of what the children

* Any reader desiring information regarding it may write to the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Witherspoon Building, Phila., U. S. A.

are about in their every-day social relations and to put the Christian motives into full control.

A second and stronger auxiliary of the school is the home. In truth the hearth should not be regarded as an auxiliary at all, but rather as the most durable and influential of our institutions. The ideas of social justice with which we go out to face the world we derive, in the main, from the family circle. All other schools do little more than build on the foundations laid by the home. An experienced teacher in the far West is authority for the statement that ninety per cent. of a pupil's success at the public school may be traced to the helpful influence of the parents. With this declaration in mind I was delighted to attend at Vancouver in June, 1919, the first Conference of the Parent-Teacher Associations held in British Columbia. Such associations suggest unlimited possibilities.

Dr. Brook Herford has a little book entitled "The Small Ends of Great Problems." The idea suggested is, that all the big troubles that perplex humanity have their beginnings in small ways. Indeed it might be truthfully asserted that as a rule they have their root ends in the home. A few years ago out of 4832 inmates examined in the Reformatory at Elmira, New York, only 373 were found to have been born and reared in good homes. The fact is obvious that the modern home does not function rightly. More and more

the parents are giving over the training of their children to the Church and to the State. The result is painful. Father and mother are by nature the child's first teachers. If they neglect their work they make the task of all succeeding instructors proportionately harder.

But the most encouraging auxiliary in this moral effort has yet to be mentioned. It lies in the nature of childhood itself. A mystic teaching about the child has haunted man from the beginning. Plato, for instance, held that childhood in its earliest years was vaguely conscious of its celestial origin. Beneath the realm of material things was a world of ideas. The child's expanding knowledge was but the bringing of these hazy notions into the region of distinct remembrance. Mrs. Browning in "Aurora Leigh" makes reference to this theory:

"I, writing thus, am still what men call young,
I have not so far left the coasts of life
As not to hear the murmur of that outer infinite
What unweaned babies smile at in their sleep
When wondered at for smiling."

At this moment I can see my revered teacher at Toronto University, the late Prof. George Paxton Young, as, with head thrown back and eyes closed, he used to repeat a well-known passage from Wordsworth that gives expression to this thought:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The soul that rises with us, our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness and not in utter
nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
From God who is our home."

In recent years some students of the period under consideration have advocated "The Recapitulation Theory." According to it there is some sort of parallel between the childhood of the individual and that of the race. A boy in pre-adolescence, it affirms, differs from what he will be when matured, much as a member of a primitive tribe differs from a modern citizen of the world. Such a boy is socially incapable and essentially egoistic. His attainment of moral self-consciousness comes as an eruption of volcanic fire, and the time when this conversion to altruism takes place is generally in the early "teens."

Without lingering longer upon these and other theories of child nature, the truth of the matter would seem to be that the child is neither an angel nor a demon, but a being with some of the characteristics of each. A large part of its mental inheritance consists of instincts. These instincts are both social and anti-social. The strongest of them all is the parental, and this begins to flower in infancy. All children manifest it in their attitude toward toys and pets. Out of it grows all

that is best in social advancement. It constitutes a natural capacity for entering into the essential things of the Christian religion—the great ideas of fatherhood, sonship and brotherhood. This is in accord with New Testament teaching. Jesus recognised a good element in average human nature.* Experience also has discovered it. Were it not so the most urgent appeal of preacher or of teacher would be in vain. The truly efficient educator, in any training school for character, is he who can detect, awaken and develop this potential goodness. Aptitude and accomplishment in this direction constitute the main measure of one's success in helping God to establish, amid the confusions of our time, a happy and enduring democracy.

“I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale,—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time to play.
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs today.

* So also did Paul. “The Apostle's doctrine of sin is not flattering, but neither is it indiscriminate. It is not a doctrine of total unrelieved depravity. It recognises a good element in average human nature. As described, that element appears weak and ineffectual. But the important thing to note is that it is there.”—PROF. A. B. BRUCE, in “St. Paul's Conception of Christianity.”

THE DRAMA OF LIFE

He met his mother on the street;
 Off came his little cap,
My door was shut; he waited there
 Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
 And then I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me,
 This gentleman of Ten.

He does not push nor crowd along;
 His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
 As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
 He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly,
 To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself;
 He serves you if he can,
For in whatever company,
 The manners make the man;
At Ten and Forty 'tis the same,—
 The manners tell the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
 By signs that never fail."

III
YOUTH

And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his
mistress' eyebrow.

—*Shakespeare.*

Good citizens do not happen, they are the product of
training.

—*Oswald Schlockow.*

Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder but as empty quite.

—*Pope.*

The world is too busy to follow God's program of pre-
vention, so we wear out our souls in the discouraging labor
of recovery.

—*A. Edwin Keigwin.*

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

—*Ovid.*

Learn to know your Bible, though not perhaps as your
fathers did. In forming character and in shaping conduct,
its touch has still its ancient power.

—*Sir Wm. Osler.*

Just at the time when the boy passes out from the ele-
mentary school is when most of all he needs a firm but kind
and sympathetic hand that will direct him to successfully
cope with the peculiar and often complex problems that are
encountered during the adolescent period.

—*Anon.*

Since it is philosophy that teacheth us to live, and since
infancy as well as other ages may plainly read its lessons
in the same, why should it not be imparted unto young
scholars?

—*Montaigne.*

III

YOUTH

OBSERVERS are not agreed as to which is the most critical age of human life. Jean Paul Richter believed that it was infancy. Jonathan Brierley leaned to the view that it was middle life. Perhaps the opinion of the great majority of those who have thought seriously upon the question is that it is youth. The selfish use of the instincts that mature on the way from childhood to manhood, is the cause of the greatest evils that affect the race. Walter S. Athearn suggests as the appropriate prayer for adolescents: "Lead us not into temptation."

The process by which nature makes an adult out of a child has three or four striking characteristics. One of these is physical. In the years immediately preceding adolescence the bodily growth is slow, but from thirteen to fifteen the increase is phenomenal. Of all the changes that come to the human body, from the cradle to the grave, the most profound begins with puberty. New organs commence to form and old ones undergo a modification. Accompanying these outer manifestations there is an inner experience just as marked. A fundamental postulate of

modern psychology is one concerning the interdependence of body and mind. At no other stage of human experience is this close relationship more apparent than in the "teens." There is a pronounced mental unrest. The mind is yeasty, sensitive, introspective and melancholic. There is an evolution, too, in the social nature. Emotional susceptibility and a general state of excitement encourage the formation of new interests and produce especially an instinctive effort to please the opposite sex. Finally, the growth of self-dependence leads to the weighing of ethical alternatives and to the making of great choices. Montaigne used to say that at twenty boys and girls were as adult as they ever would be. Perhaps this statement was an exaggeration, but certainly the decisions of youth have the quality of finality about them.

I

One of the choices, made in these destiny-determining years, is that of friends. Adolescence is conducive to altruism and pre-eminently to altruism of a specific kind. Feeling quickly changes into sentiment and sentiment into strong affection. The finest friendships of old age are those of youth mellowed and matured by long experience.

As to the value placed upon friends there

seems to be no difference of opinion. One is reminded here of Socrates building his house at Athens. A by-stander, noting its meagre proportions, enquired why a man so eminent should care to erect so small a home. The sage replied that the structure would be quite large enough if he could fill it with real friends. Cicero, in a later day, used to say that friendship was the one thing about the usefulness of which all mankind were agreed. Alexander McLean has expressed this common conviction thus :

"Of all the gifts a long life brings,
Chiefly of this my spirit sings,
That I have still, world without end,
That best of gifts,—a constant friend."

There are two important reasons for exercising care in choosing friends. The first is found in the fact that they make our reputations. This truth was crystallized long ago in the now familiar proverb: "A man is known by the company he keeps." The second reason is akin to the first:—Our friends make our characters. "If our friends are badly chosen," said Lord Avebury, "they will inevitably drag us down; if well, they will raise us up."

What are the attributes essential in a friend? Perhaps the quality one thinks of first is that of worth. Until one knows the worthiness of his companion, he should hesitate to admit him into

the sanctuary of his soul. Many of life's worst blunders are made through want of caution in this regard. Statistics assure us that seventy-one out of every hundred of the saddest misfortunes that come to trustful girls, are incurred through promises of marriage made by prematurely chosen friends. Jeremy Taylor, in his treatise on friendship, tells us that the friend in ancient art was a young man with bared head and meagre clothing. On the fringe of his garment were written the words "Life and Death," on his forehead "Summer and Winter," and over his heart "Far and Near." The youthful figure and the scanty dress symbolized activity and willingness. The mottoes signified fidelity in spite of time and distance.

"Time keeps no measure when true friends are parted,
No record day by day,
The sands move not for those who, loyal hearted,
Friendship's firm laws obey."

The second great attribute of friendship is affinity. "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" Cicero is doubtless too emphatic here. He declares that whoever is in possession of a true friend has found the exact counterpart of his own soul. Carlyle comes nearer to the truth. In his opinion a strict similarity of character is not necessary, nor perhaps favorable to friendship. For its completion, though, the parties

must be competent to understand each other. That is to say they must be possessed of dispositions kindred in their great lineaments. The writer of Proverbs was thinking of this matter of affinity when he affirmed that: "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." The historian also had it in mind when he described the upspringing of the friendship between Jonathan and David: "And it came to pass when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." Ideal friendship is just what is here suggested—the intertwining of soul with soul.

To put this matter in another way is to affirm that friendship, both in the forming and in the keeping, must be a mutual thing. The gift of making friends, as one has said, involves the power of going out of ourselves, of seeing and of appreciating the qualities that are fine in others. The faculty of keeping friends, on the other hand, demands in us the virtues that we expect in them. The only way of preserving the companionship of the noble is by the manifestation of nobility in ourselves.

"When sowing seeds of friendly deeds,
The less we keep the more we reap."

The best book extant on friendship is the "De

Amicitia" of Cicero. In English literature there is perhaps nothing to compare with the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson. Friendship, however, is not generally ripened with the principles of any treatise before the minds of the contracting parties. It is founded too often, one must admit, upon the forces let loose by propinquity. The advice of Sir Matthew Hale is accordingly wise. He urges shyness and caution in making friends. We cannot choose our acquaintances, but we should choose our friends. "I learned long ago," said Lowell, "not to expect more than three people to care for me at a time,—maybe I am extravagant in saying three." Jesus lived for three years in almost daily contact with the twelve apostles, but only three of these—Peter, James and John—seem to have been admitted into the inmost circle. The members of the home at Bethany were likewise favored. So far as we have knowledge the Master's confidential friends were few. The best of all friends, of course, is Jesus. The early disciples who welcomed His abiding influence He raised to thrones of power. The men and the women with whom and in whom He lives to-day are the spiritual sentinels of society—the very "salt of the earth."

A second choice that belongs emphatically to adolescence is that of a vocation. The Omaha tribe of Indians used to have a beautiful custom. At fourteen a boy was sent to the wilderness to

fast alone. He was urged to lift up his voice to the Great Spirit in such a song as this: "Here, O Great Spirit, poor and needy I stand." The meaning of it was that he should wait for a vision that would show him what he was to be—a warrior, a hunter, or a medicine man. This old Indian custom implies that the choice of one's life work is not always easy. Some boys and girls seem to see the purpose of their lives from the beginning. Others have no such vision and are compelled to find their fitting place in life step by step. One thinks of W. V. Turner as illustrative of this latter type. He was born at Epping Forest, near London, a generation ago. He went to work in a wool industry and succeeded well at it. Going later to the United States he became the manager of a large cattle ranch in New Mexico. The ranching company, however, failed and the manager lost his position. His next occupation was in the Santa Fé Railroad shops, repairing cars. One day he became interested in a broken air-brake and began to think of how he might improve its pattern. Out of this came promotion to the managership of engineers in the Westinghouse concerns. In the following years he became the inventor of 400 devices for the better control of trains, and the author of two volumes on this subject that are recognised as authoritative among mechanics everywhere. Turner found his niche in life by doing the next thing.

What other assistance is there for such as he? Henry Drummond in laying down some simple rules for guidance in this matter suggested, for one thing, that a boy perplexed should consult his friends. But immediate friends are often partial and unseeing. For instance, a fond mother one day sent her son to a minister hoping that he might persuade the lad to become a preacher. "He has a talent for this work," her accompanying note affirmed, "though it may be tied up in a napkin." After a short consultation with the youth, the spiritual adviser sent back this reply: "I have searched the napkin and shaken it, but have not found the talent." In nearly all such cases the teacher would be a better counsellor than the parent or the pastor. One is glad that opportunity for technical education in our schools is so splendid. Colin O. Davis, Assistant Professor of Education in the University of Michigan, suggests an innovation in high school supervision. "Time might well be taken," he believes, "at the beginning of each school year to consult seriously and sympathetically with every scholar respecting his aim, ambition and choice of studies. For this purpose an advisory committee should be formed for every single high school individual. By this committee the curriculum of every pupil should be analyzed and, if necessary, remodelled. The membership of this committee should consist of the following persons: the student himself, the

parents or the guardian, the former teacher, the prospective teacher and the principal of the school." The plan thus recommended would likely prove of great value to many a floundering student, but I fear its impracticability. The demands upon the instructor's time and energy have almost reached the limit. The cultivation of the pupil's individuality, too, would certainly make it easier for such a boy as W. V. Turner to find the place he could best fill, but here again the same difficulty confronts us. I see no possibility of a solution except through a higher taxation in the interests of a larger teaching staff.

But the most important of all choices made in this critical period we must now note. It is that of a dominating theory of life. A good deal of nonsense is talked and written about the futility of theory. Novalis was certainly wrong when he declared that philosophy could bake no bread. The baker who does his work without regard to recipe is liable to have "bad luck." Probably the most gifted woman of antiquity was Sappho. She was born in the Island of Lesbos about B. C. 610. Plato called her the Tenth Muse. Swinburne placed her verses among the highest achievements of poetic art. Her bread was equally a theme for praise. Archestratus, in his treatise on cooking, affirmed that if the gods were in need of earthly bread they would go to the home of

Sappho for it. I venture to say that in the making of bread, as in the writing of poetry, she was guided by fine theory.

An amusing story from a prairie city is suggestive here. A merchant telephoned his wife one morning that he was going to bring a friend up for lunch. His partner in the home protested on the ground that the larder was unduly empty. "Oh! never mind," said the husband, "I shall leave the office early to help prepare some simple refreshment." True to his promise he reached home at eleven o'clock. In his bravado, he undertook to bake some biscuits. He had never done it before. Forcibly kneading the dough he soon had a dozen nice creations ready for the pans. When finally in great expectancy he took them from the oven his wife and he decided to commit them to the duck-pond in the back yard. Ten minutes later a loud rap was heard at the kitchen door, and in rushed an excited boy with this startling message: "Mr. Jones, your ducks have sunk."

According to Sir Wm. Osler, every man has a philosophy of life. It may be, as he suggests, that the young are unfit students of it. I venture, however, to indicate and to examine the Four great theories of life:

The first is that of self-assertion. This is the unconscious theory of the babe. He rules the home. He is master of the situation. He is insensible to the needs of others.

It is also the teaching of a school of philosophy. According to Thomas Hobbes what is man's natural condition? The freedom of the wolf. What is piety? The hope that God will give me pleasure. What is pity? The imagination wrought by another's calamity that the same thing may happen to me. What is friendship? The sense of my need of kindness. What is duty? Self-interest, thinly disguised.

The most obvious thing to say about such a theory is that it accords not only with the impulses of youth, but also with too many inclinations of the matured adult. It may be admitted, too, that a certain kind of self-interest is essential to the proper development of life. But nothing is more certain than the fact that to selfishly want all is to fail of the best. Continued thinking of the self prevents the soul's unfolding. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." On grounds of expediency alone, we must consider others.

A second theory of life is that of self-suppression. This is the favorite doctrine of the dilettante. The dilettante is the slave of fashion, the instrument of social demands. He has no convictions, but if he were to have any, he would not have the courage to proclaim them. With him custom is everything. Effort is vulgar and duty a dream. His favorite motto is: Drift with

the tide; when in Rome do as the Romans do; no other course is possible.

This theory has also the dignity of a philosophy. It is called necessitarianism or determinism. Moleschott gave expression to it thus: "Man is the sum of parents and nurse, of time and place, of pleasure and weather, of sound and light, of food and clothing. His will is the necessary result of all these causes, bound to a law of nature like the planet in its course, like the plant in its soil." In its modern statement determinism finds the explanation of willing in internal incentives as well as in outer influences.

In opposition to this opinion the libertarian holds that the human will is free. He is sure that a normal individual has the power not only to hold impulses in check, but also to decide between possible courses of action. For proof of his contention he appeals to the immediate affirmation of consciousness at the moment of action and to the categorical imperative. In his opinion the statement "I ought" implies "I can."

On the other hand the pragmatist, or indeterminist, asserts the impossibility of proving the freedom of the will by any wisdom that we at present possess. The lines of investigation, according to him, lead into mystery. The best thing to do, however, is to hold to the thought of freedom, inasmuch as it alone suggests the possibility of improvement for the individual and for

the race. One feels like asking here: Does not the choice of the thought of freedom imply the fact of freedom?

In my judgment the way out of the difficulty is through experience. Here, to illustrate, are two men. Both are interested in the query: Is the human will free? One is a student. He gathers his books about him. He burns the midnight oil. He wrestles with logic until his hair is grey and his brain fatigued. At the end of twenty years of study he is no nearer to a solution. His friend on the other hand, knows little of books. He approaches the question from another angle. He prays; he purposes; he rises up; he gives himself to vigorous endeavor. Finally, aided by the Gospel of Reinforcement, he walks out into the liberty of a child of God. He solves the problem through experience. In doing so he simply stresses a fundamental principle of Christian teaching. That principle is this: The ultimate problems of life and of religion cannot be solved by thought alone, but rather through the help of the obedient will. Christ states this method very plainly: "If any man willeth to do the will of God he shall know of the doctrine whether it be from God."

Another and still more widely accepted theory of life is that of Self-adjustment. The general Utilitarian doctrine teaches that the great test of conduct is the promotion of happiness. It

has two conspicuous variations. One is called Egoistic Hedonism and advocates the personal-pleasure-seeking doctrine. The other is designated Universal Hedonism and emphasizes social-pleasure-seeking. The latter of these two philosophies was championed by John Stuart Mill, who held that the most moral conduct was that which promoted most effectively the general happiness of mankind. Professor Ward, however, has shown the inadequacy of the Utilitarian argument, even in its higher form. John Stuart Mill himself, in his criticism of Mansel, made it clear that under certain circumstances it was his duty to turn his back upon enjoyment altogether and to welcome the utmost pain.

The thing suggested by the process called self-adjustment is prudentialism. It seeks a *via media* between egoism and altruism. Its motto, in the words of a familiar hymn, is "Some of self and some of Thee." Here, for instance, on the one hand are my personal interests, and on the other the common welfare. In such a circumstance, what is virtue? Wise calculation. What is vice? A mistake in computation. What is progress? The increasing power to answer wisely.

What shall we say about such a rule of conduct? We may admit that in the balance of expediency we have the beginning of morality. We may grant, too, that prudence is a virtue, though not of the highest type. The evident

weakness of the prudential theory lies in the fact that there is a whole range of experience which it does not touch. It is inadequate to solve the problem of the moral hero. It cannot account for the doing of an unmixed good. In one of his little books the late J. R. Miller tells us an inspiring story of Richard Kirkland, a Southern soldier, who, in answer to piteous cries for water during one of the battles of the Civil War, took his life in his hands to perform a ministry of mercy to his enemies. The story could be paralleled a hundred thousand times from the annals of the world-conflict just ended. On any principle of prudentialism this sort of conduct cannot be explained. Yet there is more grandeur in five minutes of such self-renunciation than in a whole lifetime of mere compromising effort.

“A glorious gift is prudence,
And they are useful friends,
Who never make beginnings,
Till they have seen the ends.
But give me now and then a man,
That I may crown him King,
Whose virtue scorns the consequence,
That he may do the thing.”

The foregoing considerations bring us in sight of the highest of all theories of life—that of self-sacrifice. The designation has a forbidding look, but the quality connoted is most attractive. We have a lower nature and a higher. Each is beau-

tiful in its proper place. Self-sacrifice means the subordination of the lower to the higher, and of the higher to the highest. Occasionally it signifies the renunciation of all one has and is that others may have a larger liberty and life. It is a theory that is incarnated more frequently than we think. When the War broke out in 1914, I was reading Nietzsche. I noted with some questioning his estimate of the modern man. "I pass through this people," says he, "and keep my eyes open. They have become smaller, and ever become smaller. The reason thereof is their doctrine of happiness and virtue...."

"...In their hearts they want simply one thing most of all: that no one hurt them. That, however, is cowardice, though it be called virtue." Then came the War with its ringing call. Tom, Dick, Harry and even Jane—the average folk whom Nietzsche had traduced—sprang to the colors and demonstrated to the world that in their hearts there was a love of country superior to their love of life. Let no man ever say again that the human heart is not brave. What will it mean for the race when boys and girls shall have learned the moral equivalents of war? It may be that we have not yet discovered the secret of getting strong recruits for the ever-needy cause of righteousness in days of peace. The experience through which we have just passed should reveal it. We do not appeal to the heroic. We

do not expect enough. Jesus knew what was in the heart of man. Perhaps this was one of the reasons why he was so optimistic about His cause. "Upon this rock," said He, "I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

What, too, will it mean for the boys and the girls themselves if they attain, in the drab days of peace, to the planes of conquest secured in war? Alexander the Great, when a boy, had a wild horse named Bucephalus. On the day the youth conquered the fiery steed his proud father wept and said: "My son, Macedon is too small for thee." Poor Alexander! He vanquished the animal he rode upon, but not the beast within his heart. He died, at the age of thirty-three, the victim of a drunken debauch. Jacob, long ago, struggled all night with an angel and in the morning received a new name—Prince with God. Wrestling is the condition of blessing.

An Arab tradition tells how Nimrod of old placed three urns before his sons, and requested them to choose. One of the vessels, made of gold and marked "Empire," was filled with blood. Another, formed of amber and designated "Glory," was full of ashes. The third, fashioned of clay, was empty, except that at the bottom lay the three letters of the word God. The king asked the courtiers, as they stood about, which of the vessels was the heaviest. The politicians

said the golden vase. The poets declared the amber. The sages affirmed the clay. A single letter of the word God, in the opinion of these wise men, weighed more than all the world beside. This story, from the long ago, emphasizes a Biblical admonition that all experience pronounces sane: "Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

II

The world, today, is in confusion. The faith of many is sorely tried. In explanation many theories are advanced. The most daring of these that I have seen is that God made the universe but has since died. The true view would seem to be that the world has been rendered topsy-turvy by an abuse of the power of choice. The Bible throws no light at all upon the nature of evil. In the garden of Eden the devil is represented by a serpent—the symbol of mystery. We get a glimpse, however, from this early record of how evil entered the human family. It came through moral choice. God said to our first parents: "Do this and ye shall live, do that and ye shall die." They deliberately chose the way of death and their descendants have been ever prone to follow their example. For my part I had rather have

the individual possess the power of self-determination with all its perils, than have him become a mere automaton—like an eight-day clock. The former alternative involves the probability of sorrow, of course, but it also provides the prime condition of progress and of character.

In consideration, therefore, of the fact that we possess this dangerous power of choosing, and of the further fact that youth is the most critical time for its employment, it is highly desirable that the home, the school, the Church and the State should enter into a quadruple entente to swing our growing young folk into the formation of great decisions. For instance, the parents should make up their minds to study more thoroughly the peculiar problems of youth. In the average home the infant claims absorbing care. The child, too, gets much attention. But what about the awkward boy who does not know where to put his hands? How little is his share of sympathy! And all because he is not understood. Since I began the writing of this article a mother of two boys said to me: "Both of my sons acted strangely toward me in their early teens. For a couple of years they seemed to draw away and then a little later they came back again." Had that mother known the characteristics of early adolescence she would not have been surprised by the unusual in this period, and she might have

been more helpful. Thomas Holmes, for years the indefatigable missionary to the police courts of London, traces the main cause of that city's corrupted youth to the criminal carelessness of parents. A recent study of Juvenile delinquency reveals the significant fact that of 17,453 cases examined no boys committed their first crime after the age of twenty, and no girls after twenty-one.

As partners also in this suggested alliance, the framers of the school curriculum should keep in mind the perplexing features of adolescence. To-day, too many people are neurotic. Various reasons have been assigned for what seems to be an increasing condition. I may be wrong, but I am strongly of the opinion that part of the trouble may be traced to our imperfect handling of the adolescent in the schools. By reason of certain natural transformations in youth great exactions are made upon the nervous system, and we should not unduly add to these demands.

My first parish was in New England. I remember reading that during the last year of my pastorate there thirty thousand pupils had been taken out of the schools of the United States because of nerve exhaustion. In one of our own cities, a half-dozen years ago, I entered a home to find a mother in anxiety about her daughter of fourteen who had been kept home that day. I asked the little girl about her work at the high

school. If I recollect aright, she told me that her studies, in all, numbered thirteen. The mother had no word of censure for the teachers. She recognised that their reputations were at stake. But she did blame a system that tended to put too much pressure, as she declared, upon the average child at a time when more stimulus was a crime. Her viewpoint I have found in many quarters since. It is deserving of consideration.

The Church, too, as a contributor to this co-operative effort should pray for more alertness and winsomeness in dealing with maturing youth. It is an old story, now, that the "teens" are the years of harvest for the Church. Eight out of every ten Church-members make profession in this period. To keep the growing children in the Church, to hold what recruits we have, and to gather others in, we ought to make religion a more appealing thing. The best definition of the Kingdom I can think of is Paul's great word: "Righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Righteousness is the basis of Christian character, but joy is one of its chief attractions. We, in the Church, have been none too faithful in preaching righteousness, but in practising joy we have been most remiss. An army chaplain who served through the late war—the Rev. A. Herbert Gray, M.A.—in a little book entitled "As Tommy Sees Us," compares the fellowship of the Churches with that of the army to the dis-

tinct disadvantage of the former. He contends that almost everything approaching attractive human fellowship has been excluded from the Sunday services and that the week-day meetings are often so devitalized as to awaken no appreciable response in the vigorous and in the young.

We ought to take this criticism of organized Christianity to heart. The New Testament is a serious book, but joy abounds throughout its pages. Emphasis upon this neglected element would improve the healthfulness of the Church and would commend the Gospel to the community. According to Dr. Gore, the thing that won out for the early Church was the good cheer of its members. Water could not drown it; fire could not destroy it; the lions could not devour it. Everywhere, in all conditions of life, the first followers of Christ were joyful. No wonder their numbers multiplied. The Church today should set itself to re-learn this lesson. Too many of its devotees are like some characters in "Doctor Grenfell's Parish." They have somehow got the notion that tears are more religious than laughter. It is not so. A merry heart has even an advantage: "It doeth good like a medicine."

The other day a lecturer made a strange claim. He declared to his audience that he could tell a man's religious affiliation by his face. Some one among his hearers disputed his assertion, and a

test was made. An Anglican, a Methodist and a Baptist were in succession accurately identified. There was a difficulty, however, with the fourth man selected. According to the lecturer he was a Presbyterian, but rising in his place the stranger in question remarked: "No, I am not a Presbyterian. It is indigestion that makes me look like this." My counsel is that whether it be indigestion, or a false theory of life, that prevents the manifestation of good cheer, we should get rid of it. If we are in possession of an eternal secret, our countenances should declare it. The finest line that Robert Louis Stevenson ever wrote is one in "The Celestial Surgeon" concerning the glorious morning face. To the attainment of such a face the New Testament points the way: "But we all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." It is Christ's desire, too, that we should have it: "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

Finally, in view of recent world-wide social unrest, all men and women of authority should be more than willing to aid, in all possible ways, this great drive for citizenship and character among the most plastic elements of the nation. Some years ago, in London, Ontario, during a campaign for the reduction of hotel licenses, a

gentleman was heard to remark: "If I had my way, I should allow a saloon on every street-corner of the city. Such a situation would test our young people and would help to make them strong." This statement indicates a misunderstanding of the philosophy of temptation. The truth is that the cause of temptation is always within; its occasion is without. Two men walk down a street. They come to a saloon. One has a great longing to go inside. The other has no such desire at all. The occasion is the same for both. The difference lies in the inner state. There are two things, therefore, that the man who seeks the public weal should try to do. The first is to weaken the evil occasion without. The second is to strengthen the spirit within. The one process has to do with environment; the other with character. Both are included in the new evangelism.

An old legend tells of Fingal and his men, who lay asleep in a West Highland cave. Whoever first should find the cave, and should blow three blasts upon the horn that hung at its mouth, should succeed in calling back to life and activity the sleeping warriors. A huntsman found the place one day, and blew two blasts upon the horn. The men awoke and started up, each resting on his elbow. Fearing to blow the horn again the hunter fled. And so those half-aroused heroes of the old Celtic world are said to await the final

blast that will bring them to their feet. In every community, up and down our land, there are bands of young folk in like position. They are awake, expectant, eager. They merely need a summons that is clear and authoritative. Happy the home, the school, the Church, the State, that can interpret the needs and the privileges of our time in such a way as will constitute them an effectual call to the varied potentialities latent in aspiring youth.

“So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, ‘Thou must,’
The youth replies, ‘I can.’”



IV
MANHOOD

"Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth."

—*Shakespeare.*

"Clever men are as common as blackberries,—
the rare thing is to find a good one."

—*Huxley.*

"Every man is worth just as much as the things are
worth about which he busies himself."

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

"The great imperious need of today is a man. We want
a man who will draw order out of chaos."

—*Father Vaughan.*

"As moderation is very hard to reach, and as it has been
abundantly shown that the best of mental and physical
work may be done without alcohol in any form, the safest
rule for the young man is that which I am sure most of
you follow—abstinence."

—*Sir Wm. Osler.*

"I would have the exterior demeanor or decency and the
disposition of his person to be fashioned together with his
mind; for, it is not a mind, it is not a body that we erect,
but it is a man, and we must not make two parts of him."

—*Montaigne.*

"Like the beacon lights in the harbour, which, kindling a
great blaze by means of a few faggots, afford sufficient aid
to vessels that wander over the sea: so, also a man of
bright character, in a storm-tossed city, himself content
with little, effects great blessings for his fellow citizens."

—*Epictetus.*

IV

MANHOOD

THE honor of being called the happiest period of human life is claimed for three of the seven ages. These three are childhood, youth and manhood. At first thought childhood would seem to be the favorite, but there are arguments opposed. Ralph Parlette, in his "University of Hard Knocks," has an amusing page descriptive of his opinion. He was reared, he says, in a Methodist parsonage. He inherited a godly example and a ravenous appetite. In his meagre home there were only four big meals each year. These came on Quarterly Meeting Days. On one of these occasions the table was filled with jellies, mashed potatoes, fried chicken and other delicacies that had been donated. When all was ready his father remarked: "My son, you are a good boy, will you go into the next room and wait?" What a trial to have to look at an inviting dinner through the key-hole, when one's stomach felt like the Mammoth Cave! At last only one piece of chicken remained. It was the neck, and Elder Berry,—one of the visiting brethren,—returned his plate for this last morsel. At the close of the repast the elder put his hand on

the lad's head and said: "My boy, you are seeing the best days of your life." "The dear old liar," exclaimed Parlette, "I was experiencing the very worst." What child has not had similar experiences?

"Ah me! I remember clearly,
How lonely a child may be,
For the griefs of the young seem always,
The deepest that grief can be."

I do not know that youth has quite as strong a claim to outstanding happiness as childhood. Life in the "Teens" is complex and critical. The phrase *sturm und drang* (storm and striving) aptly characterizes its half-morbid fermentation.

It may be, then, that manhood—the span of life between twenty-one and forty-nine—has superior claims to happiness. For one thing it is the period of physical strength. The early climacteric of life is supposed to be reached at the age of thirty-five. About this time the processes of growth and decay just balance. Dante held the view that Jesus, whose nature was perfect, chose to die in his prime because it was not fitting that Divinity should decline.

And because manhood is the time of strength it is also the appropriate season for work. Professor Osler, speaking to a company of students some years ago, declared that the master word in all literature was "work." I am not sure that he

was right, but certainly the word is one that has a gospel in it. Labor is an essential to health, a solvent of doubt and a condition of happiness. A second assertion regarding work is credited to the same authority. It is that the chief accomplishments of the world have been achieved by those under forty years of age. It may be said of this remark that it is not entirely true. In athletics it may be granted that middle life has little chance with youth. In other realms, however, the handicap is not so great. Mary Roberts Rinehart urges that "with the possible exception of starting any taxing physical work, like hospital nursing, every woman should prepare for her best service at forty or at forty-plus." William De Morgan did not begin to write until the age of sixty-six. Macaulay declares that great works of the imagination written before the age of forty have been rare. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll is equally emphatic that the best writing of authors in general has been done during their later years. While the great war was in progress a society was formed in Chicago to get jobs for men past forty-five. The result was exceedingly encouraging. Employers said that the greater care given by these workers, in the positions occupied, made them even more valuable than the younger employees. In the war itself, the greatest in all history, the leadership of the armies was, on the whole, that of men advanced in years. But, when

all exceptions have been allowed for, it is perhaps true that the effective and vitalizing work of the world is done by those who dwell on the sunny side of middle life.

Another reason for considering manhood unusually favorable to happiness is found in the fact that it is peculiarly the season of hope. Hippocrates, a famous physician, born in the fifth century before Christ, is said to have been the father of medicine. One of his teachings was that there were four fluids in the body: blood, phlegm and the two cholers—yellow and black. Galen, an equally renowned exponent of the art of healing who lived six hundred years later, contended that the four great temperaments were due to the varying proportions of these fluids in the body. The hopeful temperament he designated the “sanguine” because, in his opinion, it was largely the result of abounding blood. Of course it would not be correct to say that all our people between twenty-one and forty-nine are hopeful. Nevertheless it is safe to affirm that these are preeminently the optimistic years.

Finally, as strengthening the claim that manhood is the happiest age of human life, we shall do well to remember that in this stage men and women experience, in greatest intensity, the joys of parentage. The family circle, unless broken by death, is still complete. Sydney Smith has a word for us in this connection. “The haunts of happi-

ness," says he, "are varied and rather unaccountable, but I have more often seen her among little children, and home friends, and country houses than anywhere else—at least I think I have." How frequently mothers have been heard to say that their happiest years were those in which their children were about them!

On that day, long ago, when the aged Simeon saw Mary and her Babe in the Temple, he said to the mother: "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." It is interesting to note that in the after days every time the Gospel record touches the illustrious mother, it verifies this prediction. It may be, as Dr. Adeney suggests, that the first hint of the meaning of Simeon's prophecy dawned upon Mary when Jesus, a boy of twelve with wonder in his eyes, addressed to her this query: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Was it possible that He was soon to be separated from her? The fear of just such a contingency, sooner or later, takes hold upon all parents.

I

Long years ago Diogenes, lantern in hand, walked by day about the streets of Athens. When questioned as to his strange behavior he used to reply that he was searching for a man.

In the prophecy of Jeremiah we have an apt description of the sort of man the cynic sought. "Run ye to and fro," is the admonition, "through the streets of Jerusalem, and see now, and know, and seek in the broad places thereof, if ye can find a man, if there be any that executeth judgment, that seeketh the truth; and I will pardon it." Note the characteristics of God's good man as here depicted. The first is that he "seeketh the truth."

To the query, what is truth? we have no very satisfying answer. It suggests the enigma of all the philosophies. Truth in its ultimate meaning is perhaps the sum of the relations that exist between all the facts of life. Such truth we cannot wholly comprehend. We can merely apprehend it, bit by bit. How may we be sure of it when we see it? One theory holds that we may discern it by its flavor, much as we know an orange or an apple. The difficulty here is that the human taste may be corrupted—the conscience may be seared. An ancient test of truth was agreement. Socrates held that life was a tangled skein and that its strands had to be picked out by careful thought. "Men differ," said he, "in temporal things; they agree upon the eternal." But it should be remembered that the unanimous judgment of the people has not always been the voice of God.

The most popular criterion of truth, with us, is

that of pragmatism. This doctrine emphasizes two principles. The first of these exalts right action as the chief avenue to truth. The second finds the test of truth in its results. The critics tell us that as a comprehensive system pragmatism is inadequate. One of its most obvious weaknesses is its liability to be satisfied with the weighing of immediate ends. As a method of approach to truth, however, it is agreed that it has great value.

Perhaps the most helpful principle to be kept in mind by the seeker after truth is that of congruity with the facts of life. More than a half-century ago, a well-to-do clergyman of London had a dinner at the Westminster Palace Hotel. A motley company gathered at his board. After the material repast Dean Stanley was asked to take the chair. The question suggested for discussion was, "What sort of man will dominate the future?" High churchmen, Low churchmen and Nonconformists spoke. Professor Huxley, who was present, put the pith of his remarks into one terse sentence. "The man who will dominate the future," said he, "is one who will stick most closely to the facts." A speaker following agreed with Huxley, but added these significant words: "This dominating man must stick to *all* the facts. The greatest fact of history is Christianity, and the greatest fact of Christianity is Christ." Here then we have the final test of truth: congruity with *all* the facts of life.

And when a man sincerely seeks the truth there is for him this fine encouragement: the truth is seeking him. An old fable pictures truth as a maiden dwelling at the bottom of a deep well. The thought suggested is that truth is in hiding. This notion is hardly true to fact. "The seers and the deeper discerners of truth," writes Henry Wood, "are racial representatives and channels, rather than personal discoverers. Truth has craved expression, and in its search for fitting voices has favored those which are most available." Benjamin Franklin one day, when but a boy, made a kite. He wet a string, attached it to the kite, and sent the creature of his handiwork into the air. The lightning flashed from out the clouds. The lad felt the shock and registered it. He knew then that the force yonder in the sky would some day be used to transfer man's messages, to warm his house and to do his work. That power has been knocking at the door of human intelligence throughout the ages, but only lately has it been admitted. Fifteen hundred years ago Augustine had a heated discussion with Pelagius regarding the origin of conversion. Augustine argued for the doctrine called Prevenient Grace. Analogy and the Bible point to the conclusion that he was right. Truth is not trying to elude us. It ever searches for us.

II

The second striking thing about the kind of man portrayed by Jeremiah is that "He executeth judgment." That is to say, he practises and incarnates the truth. Fichte, in his noble work, "The Vocation of Man," has this illuminating sentence: "Not merely to know, but according to thy knowledge to do, is thy vocation. For action art thou here." Carlyle in his Rectorial address before the students of Edinburgh University emphasized wisdom as a science and an art. In this he followed the old Hebrew thought that wisdom consists in knowing and in doing.

There seem to be three reasons why "doing" should be specially stressed. The first of these is that action expresses truth. Just as a good engineer is not simply the man who can pass a satisfactory technical examination, but rather one who can put his knowledge into a stable structure; so the good man is he who habitually builds a sane creed into his life. An interesting story used to be told of an old professor who had a mania for collecting bugs. His students decided one day to play a joke upon him. They found a curious bug somewhere, and having taken off its limbs they put upon it the externalities of other bugs. Thus patched up they brought it to their professor. The old man was perplexed and confessed as much. "But wait, boys," said he, "until I put

the phenomenon under the glass." This having been done the deception was quite apparent. Appearing again before the students, with a twinkle in his eye, the curio-hunter said: "Gentlemen, I thank you for bringing this strange creature to me. I consider it the best in my collection. It is the finest illustration of the species 'Humbug' I have ever seen." The humbug in the human realm is one in whose career, creed and practice do not tally. The favorite text of the late ex-President Roosevelt was: "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." Jesus had a stronger word: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he who doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven."

But action has a second function: It clarifies the truth. In a former paragraph of this chapter it was asserted that pragmatism had peculiar value as a method of approach to truth. I wish to dwell upon this thought. We are in danger of over-emphasizing reason as an instrument of inquiry. The fact is that the solution of many of our problems cannot be reached through thought alone. But this discovery was not made by Professor James, nor by Charles Pierce. Robert Louis Stevenson, for instance, was an unconscious pragmatist. I quote a paragraph from his "Treasure Island": "It is not at all a strong thing to put one's reliance upon logic and upon

one's own logic particularly, for it is generally wrong. There is an upright stock in a man's heart that is trustier than any syllogism; and the eyes and the sympathies and the appetites know a thing or two that have never yet been stated in controversy." Immanuel Kant, too, argued that the exercise of the will, in the direction of the good, was ever a surer way to truth than that of pure reason. Finally, to the same effect, we have the oft-repeated testimony of Jesus. "My judgment is just," on one occasion He said, "because I seek not mine own will, but the will of Him who sent me."

This volitional avenue to truth so widely favored by various teachers, has had its worth attested by experience. Zeno contended that motion was impossible. His contemporaries could not meet his argument by logic, but they proved it wrong by actually walking. Professor James records that shortly after the San Francisco earthquake he was in the stricken city. What specially surprised him was the cheerfulness of the ruined population. Everyone had lost something and some had lost all. Everything had to be done at once. The doing of it absorbed energy and brought contentment.

Some years ago, a young man came into my study much perplexed. According to his confession he had been reading the theories of many modern cults, and in the multiplicity of systems

had become confused. Indeed he had arrived at the conclusion that he could believe in nothing. I said to him: "Is there not some great principle to which you feel you should be loyal?" "Oh, yes," he said. "Have you been true to it?" said I. "No," he answered. "And yet," I continued, "you profess to crave for truth." I challenged him to give undivided fealty, for one month, to the principle he had enunciated and then to report to me. The issue was most happy. Obedience became for him the organ of spiritual vision. Here is the tap-root of much of our current scepticism. Men say they want more light. What they really need is more inclination. For all such the advice of Evangelist to Christian, in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," is the word in season: "Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou come to the gate where it shall be told thee what thou shalt do." It is eternally true that, if a man will patiently obey the truth he knows, he will more and more come to know the truth.

There is one other thing that I desire to observe about action: It commends the truth. When a boy I used to write this proverb in a copy-book at school: "Example is better than precept." What is the philosophy underlying this high valuation of the concrete? It is simply that a fact impinging on the senses is more powerful than an abstraction appealing to the reason.

When Darwin, on the *Beagle*, reached South Sea Islands he saw the transformation that had been wrought in the natives by the Gospel of Christ. According to his own statement it was an argument for Christianity far transcending, in its efficacy, any he had seen in books. To express his gratification he sent his cheque to the missionary organization that had been responsible for the work. Christianity's finest commendation is not a syllogism, but a man. "Let your light so shine before men," said Jesus, "that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven."

III

It is interesting to note the value which this passage from Jeremiah places upon the man whom it describes. His finding is to be followed by the pardon of a city. This high estimate, found here and there in the Old Testament, is much exceeded in the New. Jesus exalts the human unit. He represents the woman as seeking the one piece of silver, the shepherd as going out for the one missing sheep, the father as looking for and welcoming the wayward boy. Indeed, it has been often stated, that the words most frequently upon the lips of Jesus were "the last," "the least," "the lost."

There is a tendency, however, in the modern

world to depreciate the average man. It is true today, as perhaps never before, that "the individual withers and the world is more and more." The cause most powerfully contributing to this has been invention. Four men can do as much work in a harvest field today as fourteen used to do. Labor-saving machinery has led to the rapid production of wealth, and this has lured men to the cities. According to Engels' law man, as he accumulates money, spends a smaller proportion of it on mere necessities and a larger share on the products of the mechanical arts. To gratify his whims more artistic things must be made, and the making of these congregates the workers in factories and in cities where the average man is lost in the crowd. The growing conception of the universe has operated in the same direction. In the time of Jacob, earth and heaven were considered near each other. A ladder seemed to join the two. In our day, Carlyle went out one starry night and, gazing into the heavens, muttered in bewilderment: "Man, it's awful."

But granting the existence of the tendency to which reference has been made, what shall we do to counteract it? "Ponder the fact of evolution," says one. I am not sure as to whether or not God made the universe and man by this method. Frankly I wish to confess that the question does not bother me at all. To make a thing by the

long process of evolution is just as religious as to make it in an instant. But if man has been made by the slower way he ought to think very highly of himself, for does it not make him the last and highest link in a long ascending chain that has been forged at the cost of agony and blood?

Meditation, however, upon the pre-historic will not assist us much. The perusal of the recorded page is better. And when we study any epoch of the world's known history what is the fact about it that admits of no dispute? Is it not that at its centre, as its inspiring force, there has always been a man? Jonadab, the son of Rechab, taught his people that they should drink no wine. Three hundred years later, Jeremiah found the Rechabites true to the instructions of their ancestral leader. Martin Luther felt that the Church in which he had been reared was neglecting the doctrine of justification by faith. His discontent found issue later in the Protestant Reformation. Carlyle has recorded that in 1848 a mob swept through the streets of Paris, drove back the soldiers who were on guard, and spiked the heavy guns. Suddenly a gray-haired man appeared. The fiery procession halted. Its leader mounted a box and cried: "Citizens, sixty years of unspotted life are about to address you." What soldiers and cannon could not do one individual accomplished. To reach a proper appreciation

of the unit we should, therefore, study history. One of its most obvious lessons is that nations and communities have from time to time been saved because of the presence in them of good men.

“For us, down beaten by the storms of Fate,
One man by wise delays restored the State,
Praise or dispraise moved not his constant mood,
True to his purpose, to his country's good;
Down ever-lengthening avenues of fame,
Thus shines, and shall shine still, his glorious name.”

IV

There are few of us who have not sometimes given expression to Tennyson's longing:

“Oh, for a man to arise within me,
That the man that I am may cease to be.”

How may this possibility be actualized? Among the prime essentials the two most pronounced are Reinforcement and Affirmation.

A characteristic of all finite life is that it needs assistance. A seed, held in my hand a score of years, will show no signs of germination. Placed in the ground the life without co-operates with the life within. The issue is a vegetable or a tree. The baby boy in the home has life in himself, but without parental solicitude and sacrifice the best for him will not be reached. On the field of Waterloo Wellington, throughout a fateful

afternoon, time and again prayed that either night or Blucher might come. At length the looked-for aid arrived and converted what might have been a disastrous defeat into an epoch-making victory. So it always is. A fact, admitting of no debate, is this: Whoever we may be, and in whatever stage of development, we carry limited resources with us. We need encouragement, inspiration, help. "Only one condition is needed," writes Mrs. Besant, "that a Christ may share his strength with a weak brother. There must be an opening from below as well as an out-pouring from above—the receptiveness of the lower nature as well as the willingness of the higher to give." Granting the mutual attitude suggested by Mrs. Besant, how may the energy of the giver be transferred to the receiver? There are two general ways: The mediate and the immediate. The mediate method is through books, institutions and personalities. Henry Wood, for instance, has a little book entitled "Ideal Suggestion through Mental Photography." The plan inculcated by it is that of going into the silence and of concentrating upon a pregnant saying until the meaning and the spirit of it grip and overflow the consciousness. The process is scientific. It is based upon the conviction that a thought, suitably and habitually held within, will change the consciousness, and will ultimately manifest itself without.

In his General Epistle, the apostle James has

an illuminating passage in this connection. "Receive," says he, "with meekness the ingrafted word which is able to save your souls." When I was but a child my father grafted "shoots" from a Red Astrachan tree upon the limbs of a mere "scrub" in our orchard. Those grafts are bearing fruit today. The nourishment of the apples comes from the old tree-stock, but the quality and the flavor of them are determined by the graft. Here we have a law that may be used upon another plane. Our thought force sustains the word that may be grafted in it, but the graft itself gives quality to the fruitage. What possibilities are here suggested to the wise mental and spiritual gardener! In a sense he may become a creator. He may determine his own experience.

The learner who takes the way toward realization that I have called "Immediate" makes no use of intervening symbols. He goes into his closet or out under the stars. Nothing is between the Eternal Spirit and himself. In the silence he hears voices. He comes into direct contact with the Great Personality. His soul is uplifted and enriched. Is there anything irrational in this? The modern world is sure that telepathy is a fact. If hearts, mutually akin, can communicate impressions to each other, as I believe they can though thousands of miles divide, why, in the light of the doctrine of the Immanence of God—one of the bases of our theology today—should

it be difficult to believe that the human spirit can get into contact with the Divine?

“Speak to Him now, for He hears,
And Spirit with Spirit may meet,
Closer is He than breathing,
Nearer than hands and feet.”

Or, if one holds to the thought of Spencer that the Infinite is an Eternal Energy, ever present, from which we all proceed, then, taking the “Immediate” way will mean the opening of the gateway to the power that presses on every side. This, too, seems sane to me. I once went up the Trent Canal in a boat. Several times our vessel was shut up in a lock. We had a wall on each side, a gate behind and before. Our task was to lift the ship so that it might proceed upon its course. How was this to be done? On the wall of every lock I noticed a man turning a wheel. He was opening a secret chamber that was letting the water in. Presently I became conscious that the ship was rising. Finally the gate before us opened and out we went upon the higher level. Prayer has often performed the function of that lock-master. In the low and narrow place it has opened the sluice gates of the soul, so that the tides of the spirit have been able to enter in, to fill full, to make strong. Is not this just what the Bible claims, though maybe in another figure? “They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as

eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

At its best, however, Mrs. Besant's one condition is barely sufficient for the actualization of the ideal. There is needed, also, a boldness of affirmation. This latter attitude is being preached by all the modern healing cults. In a recent number of "Physical Culture" a writer outlines her mental system of getting and of keeping fit. There are three stages in the method she adopts. First she thinks Faith, then she acts Faith, and finally she comes to feel Faith. Psychology testifies to the wisdom of her procedure. The will has little influence upon the feelings, but it can govern action. If one will consistently command an action, the feeling corresponding to it will by virtue of the law of association, quietly creep into its proper place. To act a virtue is thus to induce it. Many sensitive actors find it unsettling to play a part for too long a time. The "played" role tends to take possession.

This law, however, is no new discovery. Emerson used to say that if a man desired a virtue, he should assume it. Carlyle, too, in a famous passage of his first and greatest book gave strong expression to it. "Thus had the Everlasting No pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my being, of my me; and then was it that my whole Me stood up, in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its protest.

Such a protest, the most important transaction in life, may that same indignation and defiance, in a psychological point of view, be called. The Everlasting No had said: 'Behold thou art Fatherless, outcast, and the universe is mine (the Devil's)'; to which my whole Me now made answer: 'I am not thine, but free, and forever hate thee!' It is from this hour that I incline to date my spiritual new-birth, or baphometic fire-baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man."

This element of demand or of expectation is also in the Gospel message. In "The Dawn of a To-morrow" we find the little street waif, Glad, calling attention to it. "I've cried aloud," said the thief, "and sometimes it seemed as if an answer was coming, but I always knew it never would." "'Taint fair to arst that wye," Glad put in with shrewd logic. "Miss Montaubyn, she allers knows it will come, and it does." In the old type of revival meetings one used to hear the preacher say to young converts: "Claim the promise, then go out to act your faith." But why continue? The Master has a word in which He proves Himself the boldest of all radicals in this matter of affirmation. "Therefore, whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received it and ye shall have it." This teaching is profound. The man who learns to apply its secret will quickly come upon the glad discovery that the

ideals he holds within are on the way toward their fulfilment.

“If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait, and not be tired of waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise,

If you can dream and not make dreams your master,
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life for broken,
And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools,

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after you are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing to you
Except the will which says to them “hold on”;

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue
Or walk with Kings, nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And what is more—You'll be a Man, my son.”

—Kipling.

V

MIDDLE AGE

"And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part."

—*Shakespeare.*

"You philosophers are sages in your maxims,
but fools in your practice."

—*Franklyn.*

"The period of middle life is a critical and often perilous time in Christian experience. It is on that hot, hard stretch of the road that the reserve force of the spirit is most severely taxed."

—*John D. Freeman.*

"In the midway of this our mortal life, I found me in a gloomy wood, astray, gone from the path direct; and e'en to tell, it were no easy task, how savage wild that forest, how robust and rough its growth, which to remember long, my dismay renews, in bitterness not far from death."

—*Dante.*

"The region lying westward of Fifty is one which we shall all travel if we live long enough, and it is a doctrine against which no sceptic voice can be raised that our experiences there will be largely a reaping of what, in the earlier period, we have sown."

—*Brierley.*

"Thou seest how few are the things, the which if a man have at his command, his life flows gently on and is divine."

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

"Everyone, therefore, that heareth these words of mine, and doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man, who built his house upon a rock: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: For it was founded upon a rock."

—*Jesus.*

V

MIDDLE AGE

IT is said that in the mediæval world the monks of the cloister used to dread the barrenness and the languor of the noon-day hour. So, today, there seems to be a widely held opinion that middle age is a time of special danger. Many keen observers are convinced that ethically the latter half of life is not as valuable as the former. Statistics, those irrefutable demonstrators, are said to prove that our most startling financial defalcations are traceable to men who have passed the early climacteric of life.

I

Granting this big element of peril, in the fifth of the seven ages what, let us ask, is its cause? I think of two outstanding classes of facts. In the first group are life's losses. In the second are its gains.

I have seen it stated somewhere that about eighty or eighty-five out of every hundred business men, at one time or another, go to the wall. Such failures, at any stage of man's career, are serious enough, but in life's middle period when enthusiasm and the power of quick recovery are

on the wane these monetary misfortunes are big occasions of discouragement.

More certain in their coming and more subtle in their influence are the losses in physical vitality. A man at fifty, in our day, has hardly as great an expectation of life as had his forefathers one hundred years ago. The average age of human life has been increased a little, but such advances as have been made, according to Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, have diminished the dangers of the weak rather than increased the vitality of the strong. That is to say, the betterment has been secured at the beginning and at the end of life, while in the middle years the strain is even greater than it used to be. Invention has prodigiously increased the wealth of the world, but largely because of the wider diffusion of knowledge and the consequent multiplication of wants, it has not made the common lot easier. This surely constitutes a challenge to our civilization.

Turning to the gains of middle life one finds that these are equally dangerous. A student of finance is authority for the statement that few men lay by much money before the age of fifty. At no other time does materialism get so strong a grip upon us. But whether the gain be money, position, or fame, my point is this: The full cup is always hard to carry.

Characteristic of our era, too, is the fact that nearly every man in it, as he approaches maturity,

is a specialist. What is the peculiarity of the specialist? Is it not one-sidedness? And is not the chief weakness of one-sidedness a lack of self-control? Dr. Rainsford, with this thought in mind, has made a strong plea for a more all-round development.

But the greatest peril of all, and the most inevitable, too, is one growing out of the fuller knowledge that comes with advancing years. The man who has reached life's noon-day hour has begun to see things as they are. Effects which in youth appeared miraculous and heavenly he now discerns as mere creations of stage carpentry. The castle he has been building in the air, he is convinced, will never be established upon the ground. Disillusionment has come, and out of this whole situation emerges grave danger. There is, of course, no absolute necessity that a man should deteriorate as he grows older. Many grow better. But the facts of human life emphasize the need of caution. There is "a destruction that wasteth at noon-day."

II

The Bible, tradition, and Shakespeare unite in declaring that the leading quality of ideal middle age is wisdom. The wisdom meant is that of the Hebrew rather than of the Greek, a wisdom that finds expression in a certain attitude toward

human life and God. What are the marks of one who has attained this wisdom?

To begin with he has learned to control his body. Professor Martin, of New College, Edinburgh, in a sermon on "Middle Life and Its Spiritual Dangers," declares that in this period it is hardest to put the body in the place that has been assigned to it. In his opinion it is not in youth, but rather in the later years, that the coarseness and the soddiness of our nature are apt to become most conspicuous. What is the body's place? Paul has answered the question in this way: "I keep my body under and bring it into subjection." How may this be done? Henry Wood tells us that at the age of fifty-three he was broken down and despondent. After trying almost everything external that he could think of, without avail, he came to the conclusion that he was not a body but a soul, and that his soul should exercise authority over his physical organism as over any other tool. For power to make this possible he claimed an unlimited supply in the Eternal Energy of God, round about him, which a man might have by learning the simple laws of its reception. Working on this conviction and by this method, he soon regained his health, and in the after years was enabled to do the best work of his life. The theory is undoubtedly true. It opens up limitless possibilities for the most meagre life. But is it not just another statement

of the Gospel message that the divinely human life is possible here and now, and that a Power has come into the world to enable us to live it?

A second mark of the wise man consists in this: He has ceased to base his conduct upon the expectation of getting something out of nothing. A recent Chautauquan lecturer has an amusing story, in this connection, about himself. He asserts that it took him thirty-four years to make this discovery. One day he received a letter from a distant city. It was written in extreme confidence and ran somewhat like this: "You have been selected as a friend of our family, and because of your great influence in the community, to have part in a project that promises vast returns." The offer appealed to his vanity and to his desire to get rich rapidly. He accordingly took a night train for St. Louis, lest some one else should get in before him on the ground floor. He joined "a pool" to "corner" the market and paid in eleven hundred dollars. He found out afterward that he had fallen right into the pool and had got wet. Today he asserts that if a man offers him more than the legal rate of interest he is sure the projector is no friend of his, and that, if he dangles before his eyes a bait of one hundred per cent., he at once sends for the police. Some years ago I had a like experience. The chief difference in the stories lies in the fact that the cost of the lesson to me was just one hundred

dollars more. In future I am through with all "get rich quick" methods. I prefer the gait of the tortoise. "Slow and sure, but not too slow," is the motto to follow if one would win the race.

A third attainment reached by the man who travels through the world with open eyes is one concerning the beneficence of law. Stoicism makes much of two great principles. The first is that external events take their coloring from our thinking. The second is that in order to control and to sanctify our thoughts we should refer them to general laws. Epictetus, for instance, used to say that there were two handles by which we could take hold of anything. Choice of the one would make us unhappy, while taking the other would bring contentment. Let me illustrate: One day I fall and break my leg. What attitude should I take to my apparent misfortune? I may, on the one hand, fasten my attention upon my broken limb. In such a case I shall encourage misery. On the other hand I may meditate upon the law of gravitation that caused my stumble. This may bring me to conclude that I owe much to this great law despite my present inconvenience. Whatever short-comings we may find in stoicism we must concede that it has, at least, impressed the thoughtful with a reverence for law. The nineteenth century did more than any other to widen man's conception of law's dominion. The twentieth century is pressing home the truth of

law's beneficence. When the philosophy of the various healing systems—so numerous in our day—comes to be written, it will be apparent that each of these, that has proved worthy of recognition at all, has been achieving its results in exact accordance with law. Happy indeed is the man in any period of life who has reached the conviction, and has learned to act upon it, that health, liberty and usefulness all result from willing conformity to law.

A further characteristic of the well-balanced mind is that it tempers judgment with charity. The old story of the two knights is suggestive here. One said that the shield was convex. The other was equally sure that it was concave. So they fought about it. In truth, both were right, and both were wrong. The shield was convex on the one side and concave on the other. Each of the disputants had seen but half the truth. The wise man sees truth whole. Vincent De Paul, a priest of France in the seventeenth century, belonged to the French Royal Council. A certain duchess of the time asked the Queen—Anne of Austria—to make her son a bishop. The Queen consented. Vincent De Paul, hearing of it, informed the Queen that the young man was the victim of vicious habits, and that his election would be a gross scandal. The appointment was accordingly cancelled. The enraged Duchess, meeting the priest soon after, threw a stool at

him and wounded him on the forehead. A friend, seeing the flowing blood, rushed in to avenge the insult. The injured man forbade him and quietly remarked: "Isn't it fine to see how far the love of a mother for her son will go?"

Not long ago I heard a preacher, who presides over a great church, say that the men who deny the infallibility of the Bible, or who cherish the faith of Christian Science, are doubtless from the devil. I hold no brief for Christian Science. On the contrary I believe that some of its theories are opposed to right reason. But I desire to be fair. No system can endure that is devoid of goodness. It is for us to be eclectics, searching out and appropriating the vitality of current theories and methods. I know men who have been lifted out of the gutter by Christian Science. So long as I can find this fruitage I shall adopt the attitude prescribed by Jesus. One day John came to Him and said: "Master, we saw one casting out devils, and we forbade him, because he followeth not us." "Forbid him not," said Jesus, "for he that is not against us is for us."

So also in the case of those who do not believe that all parts of the Bible are equally inspired. As a young man I had my worries over the question of inspiration. It was a difficult thing for me to decide how I should look upon certain passages of the Old Testament. For instance, I came one day upon a text like this: "Blessed shall

he be who taketh thy little ones and dasheth their heads against the stones." Then I turned to Christ's admonition: "Love your enemies." How was I to reconcile the two? It dawned upon me later that I did not need to try. Jesus had solved my problem, for on one occasion He had said: "Ye have heard how it hath been said by them of old time, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but I say unto you." My procedure then became simple. I began to submit all questionable Bible standards to the tribunal of Christ's message and Spirit. Those that did not satisfy this test I set aside as not the highest for me. I believe that once we get the habit of going to Christ for our measuring-rod we shall seldom be guilty of narrow judgments.

Still another distinguishing feature of the man of matured character is that he puts truth and the Kingdom before personal ease, party and country. Emerson used to declare that every man had to make choice between truth and repose. John Wesley asserted the impossibility of an isolated Christian. Tolstoy, on his way to a position in which he could rest, came to the realization that peace was a social thing. Prof. Royce has told us that our individual salvation depends upon finding our place in the spiritual community.

Can the good man be a partisan? In the interests of righteousness, yes. I know a man who, upon the occasion of his first vote, was placed in a

trying position. He lived in the country. The members of his family were strong supporters of a political party. The young politician did not like the party platform, nor its standard-bearer in that particular election. His expressed preference, under the circumstances, was not to vote at all. Yielding, however, to the persuasion of his brother, he journeyed with him to the polls—some three miles away—but only to cast a vote that killed his brother's. He tells me that to this day he has not summoned courage to tell that brother of his action. But the thing he did was right. It is becoming common now. The independent voter is arriving.

Patriotism, too, is being redefined. On January 8, 1920, Woodrow Wilson—then President of the United States—sent a telegram to a company of Americans meeting in commemoration of Abraham Lincoln. The message had reference, partly, to the ratification of the League of Nations. One of the President's opponents, according to the newspaper report, condemned the communication as being international in its spirit, rather than American. Such criticism was fine praise. Materialism may have been the primary cause of the war, but a false nationalism was surely a close second. Amiel had little esteem for the so-called patriot. In his opinion he was generally a little man, narrow in outlook and in sympathy. We are coming in sight of a

new nationalism—a nationalism that is really international.

It may be that we shall not properly actualize the vision until we get the help of an international Church. What a pity we did not have the latter a half-dozen years ago! Had it been a reality then, we might have escaped the war. In 1914 a young Austrian was studying in Switzerland. The call from his country came to him to return for enlistment. He had a tender nature that recoiled from the barbarities of war. Besides, his conscience forbade him to slay a fellow for whom Christ had died. In great perplexity he consulted his professors. They urged him to remain in Switzerland, but he decided to go home. Refusing to shoulder a rifle, for reasons already mentioned, he was taken out by the military authorities of his country and shot.

My query is this: Had the professing Christians of all the armies, on both sides, taken a like stand—had they said, "There is a better way of settling disputes between nations than by the sword,"—might not the conflict have been prevented? The bond that unites one Christian to another—according to the New Testament—is stronger than that of nationality, or of the family. Some day it will despise the boundaries of peoples, and will provide the strongest kind of guarantee to any league designed to keep world-peace. The leaders of the Church, in the supreme

moral crises of the past few years, have done little more than say "Amen" to the decisions of politicians. They should have had a ringing, guiding message. The internationals of commerce, of labor and of literature have all broken down. The time is ripening for the International Church. St. Paul reminds us that "to put on the new man" means to ignore the limitations of country, race and color, and to make Christ "all, and in all."

But perhaps the most striking peculiarity of the wise man is a firm persuasion that his life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth. Materialism as an explanation of the universe is dead, but as a rule of conduct it is still alive. The tide toward pleasure was never stronger than it is today. A common ambition finds expression in the familiar song:

"All I want is fifty million dollars,
A champagne fountain flowing at my feet,
A prince of finance waiting at the table,
And Sousa's band aplaying while I eat."

Reading a paper before a Chicago Literary Society some years ago, David Swing concluded with these words: "Upon everything in our time, except our virtues, may be written the condemnation *over much*." Walt Whitman used to declare that we were obsessed by a mania for owning things. Dan Crawford, during his visit to Amer-

ica, showed a Bantic black man the sights of the Western world—the electric lights, the submarines, the aeroplanes and the telegraph. “Yes, master,” said the African, “But to be better off is not the same as to be better, is it?” Wise black man! *We* have not learned this lesson yet. We act on the principle that happiness consists in what we have rather than in what we are.

An ancient king seemed to have everything that heart could wish, and yet he was depressed. The wise men of his realm were called in for counsel. One advised that the monarch should find the happiest man in his domain, and then should wear his shirt. The search was made, but, strange to relate, the care-free man, when found, did not possess a shirt. Only a few rare spirits, in any age, have had a vision of the truth suggested by this story. It is a pity, too, for the discovery that life's chief end is the growing of a big, rich soul would throw a flood of light on many of our problems. To begin with, it would give new dignity to the commonplace. Marcus Aurelius has a word about this that one would not expect from him. “A little while,” says he, “is enough in which to view the world, for things are repeated, and come over again apace.” Goethe writes of a contemporary who often wished that the grass might come up red. The ancient seer and his modern counterpart were wrong. The beauty of the world is in the eyes that see it. Travel and

change are powerless to chase away the monotony of the commonplace. To the growing soul there is nothing common. The world is new each morning to the soul that has been renewed. Ex-President Hill, of Harvard University, was wont to declare that there were enough problems about the arc of a circle to keep him engaged a thousand years. To complain about the sameness of the world is to betray the poverty of one's inner life. Brierley is right when he contends that amid all our educations the thing most needed is a better training of the faculty of appreciation. Delight in the so-called ordinary things about us is the finest result of culture.

“God send us a little home,
To come back to when we roam.

Low walls, and fluted tiles,
Wide windows, a view for miles.

Low rafters, little nooks,
Dim colors, rows of books.

One picture on each wall—
Not many things at all.

God send us a little ground,
Tall trees standing round.

Homely flowers in brown sod,
Overhead, thy stars, O God.”

Discernment of this truth about the growing soul would also give us a philosophy of losing.

Most of us are not good losers. We make the mistake of attaching a sort of fatality to the loss of material things. We have failed to realize that physical wholeness need not be reckoned an essential to happiness nor to progress. According to Eckhardt "suffering is the fleetest steed to carry the soul to perfection." Nietzsche's sister declared that "Thus spake Zarathustra" never would have been written had it not been for disappointment. Sometimes, in the shadow of a great catastrophe, we wonder about the goodness of the Eternal Spirit. It may be that He does not put the value on the human body that we attach to it. He has a bigger interest in the immaterial part. From the standpoint of eternity—and this is His viewpoint—what does it matter whether the mortal frame begins to deteriorate today, or forty years hence? It all goes to show that he who would really grow must make terms with suffering. Even Jesus, we are told, learned obedience by the things that He suffered. "*Nil sine cruce*," says an old dictum—"There is nothing without the cross."

Finally, this larger emphasis upon the growing soul would brighten the future with hope. A Grecian statue of long ago illustrated opportunity. The figure was that of a woman standing on tip-toe. She had wings at her feet, a tuft of hair on her forehead, and no hair at all behind. The idea suggested was that opportunity passes

quickly, and once gone cannot be grasped again. There is, of course, a truth in this that should not be ignored. But the growing soul knows no closed doors except those itself may shut.

I once met a man who feared that he had committed the unpardonable sin. He had refused the appeal of goodness so often, and so long, that at last the moment had come when, according to his own confession, he had found himself unable to repent. But the fact that he had been conscious of, and anxious about, his condition was to me a sign of hope. For every such burdened heart Jeremiah's picture of the potter and the wheel is full of comfort. The vessel may have been spoiled the first time, and the hundredth time, but if the soul has had a new vision there is another chance. The saddest thing that comes to middle-life may be, as has been hinted, an experience of disillusionment, but the gladdest, most heartening thing is surely the reflection that to the aspiring soul the gate of opportunity still stands ajar.

"They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.
Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead.
But never blind a moment yet to come.
Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep,
I lend my arm to all who say: "I can."
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But he might rise and be again a man."

III

If this chapter should omit to say one other word about wisdom it might appear as though it had been written only for the middle-aged. In "Poor Richard's Almanac" that word has been expressed:

"Wise men learn from others' harms,
Fools scarcely by their own."

The old saying about experience is true. It is the best teacher, but its cost is great. To attain wisdom we do not need to go down into the valley of humiliation, nor yet to await the oncoming of the years. A Railway President, speaking recently before a company of his men, said: "Gentlemen, we should cultivate the habit of observation." He was right. Nothing will pay us better. The pioneers in many parts of the American continent followed blazed trees through otherwise trackless forests. They were able to walk more surely because others had preceded them. In the moral realm wiser men than we

have made experiments with life, and for our guidance have erected sign posts, here and there, along the way. Why not begin at once to heed the lessons of these pioneers? "Wherefore," exclaims one of these, "do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" The very Greatest of them all has said: "Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

"O happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honours joined,
Are what her left displays.

She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."

VI

OLD AGE

"The sixth age shifts,
Into the lean and slippered pantaloons,
With spectacles on nose and pouch at side:
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too big
For his shrunk shank: And his big manly voice
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound."

—*Shakespeare.*

"Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them much,—
Too grateful for the blessings lent
Of simple tastes and mind content."

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

"Lord! What I once had done with youthful might,
Had I been firm the first time to the truth,
Grant me, now old, to do with better right,
And humbler heart, if not with brain of youth;
So wilt Thou in Thy gentleness and ruth,
Lead back Thine old soul, by the path of pain
Round to his best, young eyes and heart and brain."

—*George MacDonald.*

"I still find each day too short for all the thoughts I want to think, all the walks I want to take, all the books I want to read, all the friends I want to see. The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and the wonder of the world."

—*John Burroughs.*

"Statistics show that of the Five hundred most useful men of the century Forty-two out of every hundred delivered their greatest oration, made their most useful discovery, wrote their most important book, or scored their epoch-making political success between sixty and eighty years of age."

—*Josephine Story.*

VI

OLD AGE

THERE are two main estimates of old age. The one regards it as a decline—the shadow cast by the first half of life upon the second. The holders of this view have been many. Anacreon, Horace, and indeed most of the ancient writers, looked forward with sadness to the coming of life's later period. Nearer our own time, to mention only one or two, James Mill and William Wordsworth shared this anticipation.

According to the other conception old age is a growth, the most satisfying stage in human existence. Plato among the Greeks, and Lucilius among the Romans, held strongly to this opinion. In modern times two of its brilliant exponents have been Fontenelle and Browning. The lines in which the latter expresses his conviction are familiar to every school-boy:—

“Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was planned.
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, ‘A whole I planned,’
Youth shows but half: Trust God: See all, nor
be afraid.”

Jonanthan Brierley, who writes so instructively on many other themes, has a sane word about this. He declares that we are faced by a dilemma. We must decide either that life, in its entirety, has been a failure, or that the people who are pessimistic about old age have misinterpreted it. Which of these conclusions shall we favor? Is the trouble in the game of life itself, or in the way we play it? For my part I accept the latter alternative.

I

Old age is of three kinds. The first is physical. Whether we consider the flowers of the garden, the trees of the forest, or the cattle of the field, we find all passing through these several stages: Beginning, growing, maturing, drooping, dying. Man is no exception to the rule. He strives against the deteriorating process. He may retard it, but he cannot altogether stay it.

The second type of old age is mental. Some of us are intellectually old at eighteen, while others are young at eighty. I met a man one day who said that he had not changed his thinking for fifty years. That man was old in mind forty-nine years ago. Lydia was a model woman of the primitive Christian Church. She was industrious, hospitable and devout. Added to these fine qualities she had a mind that was open to new light and truth.

The third form of old age is spiritual. This is the saddest sort of all. In it the spirit becomes sour and cynical. Carlyle came very close to being an illustration of it. Brierley writes of a worn-out minister who, having entered its wintry desolation, had thus confessed his creed: "It is you young men who must start the new ventures. It is no use to look to us old fellows who believe in nothing and in nobody."

II

In the human personality the physical, the mental and the spiritual are so inter-related that it is impossible to treat them separately. Looking at the problem then, in a general way, what are the secrets of growing old gracefully?

The first to be mentioned has special reference to the care of the body. It seems to be a sane position to hold that after middle life the material organism should receive increasing care. The longer any machinery is used the more it needs attention. Dumas, in one of his novels, records how a magician gave to a company of old men a strange elixir. It quickened the pulse and brightened the eyes, but the effect was not lasting. Maeterlinck advises the giving up of all sterile pleasures. This, however, is not enough. Food, exercise, rest and air are all important. A man named Bennet has lately renewed his youth, at seventy, by a simple system of exercises taken in

bed. I knew a doctor who had rheumatism in an acute form. He was getting old, but he insisted on following the diet of his early manhood. He ate meat, very heartily, three times a day, and at the same time took little, or no, exercise. I advised against the heavy meals, but his reply was that he had rather die than give them up. He has "passed on." It is undoubtedly true that many of us dig our graves with our teeth. In this connection the story of Cornaro's life is illuminating. Cornaro was an Italian nobleman of the fifteenth century. At the age of forty, having gone "the pace," he was given up by his physicians to die. He concluded, as a last resort, that he would try some experiments on his own initiative. He began by moderating the amount of food consumed. The result was startling. In a little while he realized that he was on the way to life. He fooled the doctors, and for more than half a century, thereafter, impressed the potency of a unique simplicity upon his generation.

No one method will suit everybody, and I have no specific rules to offer, but I am persuaded that here is a matter deserving consideration by all who desire to live long and comfortably.*

* So far as science can reveal there seems to be no principle limiting life, . . . if we could at intervals wash man free of his poisons and nourish him there seems to be no reason why he should not live indefinitely.—*Bulletin of Life Extension Institute*, New York, U. S. A.

“By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to three score years and ten.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.”

A second way of gaining victory over the years is by seeking the companionship of the young. Cæcilius has a couplet that discourages this effort:

“No greater misery can of age be told
Than this: Be sure the young dislike the old.”

Shakespeare's “Madrigal” expresses a like sentiment:—

“Crabbed Age and Youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasure,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare:
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame:—
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;

O! my Love, my Love is young!
Age, I do defy thee—
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long."

Comradeship, though, between the old and the young is both possible and wise. The first half of life needs wisdom, the second courage and optimism. A distinguished Frenchman once complained about the general constitution of our planet. He contended that health and happiness should have been made contagious rather than measles and small-pox. I wonder if the former are not so. A tradition has come down to us concerning one of the ancients. Hermippus found that age was making sad encroachments upon both form and spirit. He resolved to take heroic measures to forestall further decline. He deliberately cut away from his old associates and sought the fellowship of youth. Where the young folk went he went. What they studied he studied. What they played he played. The result was phenomenal. He lived to be one hundred and fifty-three. Whatever may be concluded as to the accuracy of the story, the principle at the heart of it is sound. Hope and enthusiasm are as communicable as scarlet fever or diphtheria.

Another secret of growing old sweetly lies in extracting comfort from the law of compensation. When the children of Israel had gone a

three days' journey into the wilderness they longed for water. Their way lay over burning sands. They saw before them what seemed to be an oasis. At once their steps quickened. But when they reached the spot where they had hoped to slake their thirst they found the waters bitter. They complained to Moses who, in desperation, lifted up his heart to God. As answer, a tree was shown beside the spring which, when cut down and cast into the waters, made them sweet. Note here a parable of life. In every pathway there are springs of bitterness, and right beside them stands a sweetening tree. Ability to see, and to use, this tree is one of the secrets of happiness. "To each part of our life," says Cicero, "there is something specially seasonable, so that the feebleness of children as well as the high spirit of youth, the soberness of maturer years and the ripe wisdom of old age, all have a certain natural advantage which should be secured in its proper season." Lucilius, in the Roman world, discerned this law. Here are his words: "My soul is full of vigor, and rejoices in having no longer much to do with the body." Chauncey M. Depew, among our own contemporaries, has called attention to it. Quite recently he celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday. Commenting on old age, in reply to many expressions of good will, he is reported to have said: "The joy of growing older is the increasing number of people

who take the trouble to tell you they are glad that you are alive. People no longer attack you. They no longer fear that you may be a candidate for office against them, so instead they come to you for help. Antagonisms disappear as you grow older, and if you still keep abreast of the time, and remain in touch with people, you lose your prejudices." Someone has put this thought into verse:

"Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

A further method of becoming reconciled to advancing years lies in the realization that the immediate world in which we live is one that we ourselves make. The stoic made this truth one of his foundation principles. Nearer to our own time Montaigne expressed it thus: "Outer occasions take both color and flavor from the inward constitution." According to Maeterlinck "the happiest man is he who knows that his happiness is only divided from sorrow by a lofty, unwearying, humane, courageous view of life." Even MacFadden, who edits a magazine devoted to physical culture, has expressed the opinion in a recent editorial that "when one is past the meridian of life the most important feature associated with a 'good old age' is the

attitude of mind." Kant, however, gave this truth its philosophic setting. According to John Locke the mind was a *Tabula Rasa*. Kant opposed this view and held that while the raw material of sensation came from the *Ding an Sich* outside, it was taken up into the mental categories, and by them given form and unity. It does not take much discernment to detect the possibilities of such a doctrine. By the help of the constructive imagination we can build our world largely to our liking. We cannot, to be sure, change the broad facts of life, but we can change *our facts*. We need not remain in hell, as Ralph Waldo Trine has said, any longer than we choose to make it our habitation. What a light this consideration throws on that Old Testament word: "As he [a man] thinketh in his heart so is he"! The chemists of the middle ages sought in vain for the philosopher's stone that would change alloy to gold. We have discovered it within ourselves. A new mental attitude transforms the old experience and even the old body.

"Fancy can save or kill; It hath closed up
Wounds when the balsam could not, and without
The aid of salves—to think hath been a cure."

But the one thing above all others that keeps men and women young is faith—faith in something or in somebody. In a recent magazine article entitled "Must we grow old?" the writer,

William McHarg, has this to say upon our theme: "We grow old and die because we expect to grow old and to die. Expecting it we are content to live in such a way that old age and death become inevitable for us." To the same effect Dr. Frank Crane, in one of his four-minute essays, writes: "If, as old age comes on, we have amassed only a past, a pile of memories and failures, then life moves on to tragedy; but if there looms in the consciousness a feeling of a possible future, the mind finds in it a veritable fountain of youth."

Faith, however, is more than an expectation. It is a two-fold thing: The assent of the mind and the consent of the will. As I write these words the sun has crossed the equator and has begun to warm our part of the earth. The robins have returned and the buds are bursting on the trees. I expect, one of these days, to have a garden. To this end I am digging and planting now. That is to say I have begun to give substance to my anticipation. So my faith in a green old age, or in any good thing—if it is to be a saving element at all—must be more than mental. It must be practical as well. "My dear Lælius and Scipio," said Marcus Cato, "we must stand up against old age, and make up for its drawbacks by taking pains. We must fight it as we should an illness." This is the creed of the apostle James: "Faith without works is dead."

III

The lights and the shadows of any age are best appraised by those who have experienced them. What then are the lessons, for the teachable, suggested by the old themselves? One of these has to do with the folly of a too-sudden change in long-continued interests and habits. It is notorious that the majority of men, retiring prematurely from very active occupations, do not live long. "In the Providence of God," says a popular medical writer, "there is no such thing as retirement. To retire is to die. Service to the end is the rule of the universe." I remember that into the part of a city in which I lived, some years ago, there came a neighbor who had been a successful farmer. The change in his way of living was very marked. He no longer toiled with his hands. He had to accommodate himself to an entirely new environment. He found the task too great for him. He became first discontented, then ill, and in one year he died.

"The millstone and the human heart,
Are turning ever round,
And if they have no grist to grind,
They must themselves be ground."

A second counsel on which the old agree, has reference to the common mistake of looking too much before and after. The late Sir William

Osler wrote a little book entitled "A Way of Life." It is the substance of an address delivered to the students of Yale University in 1913. The gist of it may be put into the admonition that we should live our lives in daylight compartments. Stock-taking, he contends, may be necessary once a year, but it should not be again and again repeated. The bearing of yesterday's burden and to-morrow's, along with that of to-day, is enough, in his opinion, to make the very strongest falter. The advice is old, but timely. Worry is the most prevalent disease of the modern world. If time brings the roses, worry surely hastens the wrinkles. A modern rustic poet has put this thought more strongly still:—

"The worry cow might have lived till now
Had she only saved her breath,
She thought the hay wouldn't last all day
So she choked herself to death."

It is well to remember that even the abolition of poverty would not necessarily make us happy. Many of the most discontented lives one knows are spent in homes of affluence. An old man, I once met, had an efficacious cure for worry. He declared that, when a boy, he had learned to escape mosquitoes by climbing a tree. His judgment was that, as a rule, worry comes to those who dwell too near the ground. The good old man's opinion will bear investigation. But to

repeat the lesson of this paragraph: As life draws to a close the folly of much of our anxiety is most clearly seen. "I have had a lot of trouble in my day," said a dying octogenarian, "but most of it never happened."

Another testimony, general with the old, is that the order under which we live is moral. It is affirmed that, long ago, "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." Today, the universe is on the side of him who is on the side of right. To put this truth in other words is to say that sin is self-executive and that rectitude brings its own reward. Were this not so the world would be less moral than it is. When Joseph made himself known in Egypt the first emotion in the hearts of his brethren was one of joy. But there was also the bitterness of remorse. Memory revealed a day when in a fit of jealousy they had put their brother in a pit, had sold him to a band of gipsies and had deceived their aged father. There are few of us who have not learned the futility of deceit. The cranes of Ibycus are certain to appear.

I once, as a child, told a lie to save myself from a whipping. My immediate aim was quite successful, but I have punished myself a thousand times since. I made, that day, a spot upon my soul that time has not—will not—efface. "Be sure your sin will find you out." To this affirmation every old man bears emphatic witness.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet
they grind exceeding small."

Finally, it should be noted that from the old we get the best yard-stick with which to measure the years. When Li Hung Chang was in this country one of his first questions, asked of every new acquaintance, was "How old are you?" The answer to such a query depends upon the rule we use. A very common gauge today is pleasure. What is the sanest time in which to judge a pleasure? The moment after. And what is the estimate of the moment after? Byron's confession is familiar:

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The fruits and flowers of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!"

A second much-used rod, for measuring the years, is the amount of money gathered. I walked, one day, along the street with a well-to-do business man who had the impression that his brother had failed in life because he had died poor. I thought of Publius Valerius, by common consent the foremost man of his day both in the arts of war and peace. His private property was so scanty that when he died his remains had to be interred at the public expense. It is said that

the Roman matrons mourned for him as they did for Brutus. The time, I believe, is almost here when to die a millionaire in such a needy world as ours will be esteemed a crime.

Without exception, the old exalt the good that men can do as that which gives significance and dignity to the years. Judged by this standard some men pack many years into an act. Seen in its light, Dorcas, Francis, Wesley and countless others are not dead yet. Their spirits are more alive than ever, and the causes for which they prayed and toiled go marching on. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors: and their works do follow them."

"In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too
As the sun-shine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail:
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighbouring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
Which I've worn for three-score years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
And this old worn-out stuff which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow."

VII

SECOND CHILDHOOD

"Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."
—*Shakespeare.*

"And here at home we tarry, fain
Our feeble footsteps to sustain,
Each on his staff. So strength doth wane,
And turns to childishness again."
—*Aeschylus.*

"Like some brave steed that oft before
The olympic wreath of victory bore,
Now by the weight of years oppressed,
Forgets the race, and takes his rest."
—*Ennius.*

"Nay, but as when one layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And, taking new ones sayeth,
'These will I wear to-day';
So putteth by the Spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence, afresh."
—*Krishna.*

"The boundary between the two states—the known and the unknown,—is still substantial, but it is wearing thin in places; and like excavators engaged in boring a tunnel from opposite sides, amid the roar of water and other noises, we are beginning to hear now and again the strokes of the pickaxes of our comrades on the other side."
—*Sir Oliver Lodge.*

"It is not likely if nature has written the rest of the play well, that she has been careless about the last act like some idle poet."
—*Cicero.*

VII

SECOND CHILDHOOD

HUMAN life is a bridge.* So runs the imaginative moralizing of "The Vision of Mirza." The bridge spans a valley and is supported by about one hundred arches, of which some seventy are intact. Along its footway countless trap-doors lie concealed. These are most numerous near the beginning, grow fewer at the centre and multiply again toward the end of the arches that are whole. Through these pitfalls the pedestrians fall. Few of all the throngs that travel toward the other side succeed in reaching the broken arches. These few continue a kind of hobbling march until, tired and spent, they too drop into a river that flows beneath. This river rises out of a mist at one end and loses itself again in a mist at the other. Beyond this second mist a penetrating gaze reveals an immense ocean divided by a rock of adamant. Over one division of this ocean hang impenetrable clouds. In the other lies a glittering sea dotted by innumerable islands producing all kinds of

* A reputed saying of Jesus, not found in any of the four Gospels, is as follows: "The world is merely a bridge. Ye are to pass over it and not to build your dwellings upon it."

fruit and flowers. Here dwell the good in varying degrees of contentment and felicity.

The imagery of the vision is plain enough, but it suggests hard problems. Why are the trapdoors so numerous as life begins? Why are the broken arches reached so early? At the further end of the valley is there anything beyond the mist? For all the serious-minded on the bridge and especially for the lingering stragglers on the broken arches this last is a wistful question.

I

In the life of every normal man who passes through the seven ages the relationship between the soul and the body assumes three fairly distinct stages. In the first of these the body is the means of development for the soul. The raw material of knowledge reaches the mind through the various physical senses. In the second stage the body, if it has been put in its proper place, is the servant of the soul. The soul commands and the body obeys. In the final period the body is a hindrance to the soul. The grasshopper is a burden and desire fails. The strength remaining is but labor and sorrow. The age of dotage has arrived.

A candid consideration of this obvious dependence of the mind upon the body has led some observers into materialism. Said Lucretius long

ago: "We see the mind to be born with the body, to grow with the body and to decay with it." His inference was that it was of it. Like reasoning has force with many in our day. And yet the inference is neither necessary nor reasonable. Granting that a mental change is always accompanied by a cerebral change it does not follow that the former is the result of the latter. Indeed it is more reasonable to suppose that the former is the cause of the latter. Materialism in all its forms assumes that consciousness or mind may be reduced to some form of matter in motion, or may be pushed aside as mere illusion. John Fiske declared this assumption the most colossal in the whole history of philosophy. Haeckel protested vigorously against being called a materialist. No competent thinker of our time regards the explanation of materialism as adequate. It does not tell us how the physical may become the mental. It cannot account for the unity and the continuity of the individual life. "Soul doth the body make," said Spenser. "The mind secretes the brain," declared Kingsley. These affirmations may seem extreme, but they point the direction toward which modern psychology tends. Yet multitudes of professedly Christian people as they view the helplessness of second childhood, or stand beside a newly-made grave, are haunted by the question: Does the disintegration of the body mean the ending of the soul?

II

Paul's conviction regarding future life was admirable. No shadow of doubt hung over it. It was wholly based upon the resurrection of Christ. I think of three arguments that help me to believe that Christ rose from the dead. The first is from analogy. In an old grave-yard in Switzerland a traveler recently came upon a strange symbol of remembrance. It was a perpendicular stick with a short cross-piece near the top. Under the ledge of the horizontal part the mourners had put a paper with name and date marked on it. Here also a caterpillar had made its home. It had passed through the chrysalis stage and later, as a butterfly, had winged its way from the place. Life about us teems with such suggestive incidents. Thoughtful men, in all ages, have found comfort in them. Sir Thomas Browne, in his "*Religio Medici*," tells us that the strange and mystical transmigrations observed in silk worms turned his philosophy into divinity.

A second argument is from congruity. Long years ago, in the city of Hanover, Bavaria, a countess died. Friends built for the reception of her remains a great tomb. It consisted of a series of stone steps, securely fastened by clasps of steel. Upon the base was chiselled the inscription: "This sepulchre, erected for all eternity, must not be opened." One day the wind blew a beech seed between two of the granite blocks.

Heat and moisture reached it. Soon out of the crevice grew a tiny twig that by and by became a tree. It mocked the proud inscription. It broke the bands of steel asunder. And all because the power of the universe worked through it. The New Testament presents Christianity as a thing of power. Christ moves through the Gospel story as the incarnation of poise and energy. Would not Christ's picture be incomplete without the strength that conquers death?

Added to these two considerations in favor of the substantial accuracy of the Resurrection story is the truth that nothing else can explain the facts. Two other theories have made the attempt. According to the first of these Jesus did not die upon the cross, and therefore did not need to rise from the dead. He merely swooned. In this condition He was taken down and placed within the tomb. Here the cool atmosphere gradually restored Him to consciousness and to strength. In due time He came forth to greet His friends. This conjecture is so improbable that one feels under no obligation to discuss it. Even Strauss cast ridicule upon it.

According to the second of these theories Christ died as recorded in the Gospel narrative, but did not rise again. The Resurrection faith arose through fraud, or hallucination, or the growth of legend. One suggestion of the fraud-theory is that Joseph, or his friends, fearing defilement of the family tomb, had the crucified

body of Jesus secretly removed. It may be said that the fraud assumption, in its varied forms, has been almost wholly abandoned. It creates greater difficulties than it attempts to solve. The legendary explanation is equally untenable. Its position is that belief in the Resurrection gradually arose during the first century of the Christian era. The obvious weakness of such reasoning is that legends require time to grow. But the Synoptic Gospels were put into their present form within about forty years after the death of Christ. And Paul's testimony, the first in the New Testament to be recorded, was set down possibly ten years earlier. The vision hypothesis is more plausible, but it, too, lacks convincing power. Mary, a highly sensitive woman, was subject to hallucinations. She declared that she had seen the Risen Lord. Other disciples believed her story and began to imitate her habit. Fancy hardened into fact. And so, in the after days, an inverted pyramid came to be built upon mere delusion. This theory is out of accord with the laws according to which visions take place. What are these laws? A firm belief in the existence of the ideal; a strong expectation that it will be realized; a highly exalted mental state. In the disciples to whom the Master appeared, immediately after the resurrection, all these conditions were absent. Later, in Paul, we find such ability to draw clear distinctions between the natural work-

ings of his own mind and the communications received from God as to preclude the possibility of believing that he would mistake the upbraiding of a thunderstorm for the voice of the Ascended Jesus. The fatal objection to the vision theory is that it is too visionary.

The only remaining explanation is that Christ died and rose again, according to the Scriptures. Two considerations, however, make the Resurrection Faith somewhat harder to entertain than it used to be. One of these is the discovery of discrepancies in the Resurrection stories. But we should not unduly magnify this difficulty. In the accounts of all historic events discrepancies are apt to occur. Nobody seems to know the precise hour when the battle of Waterloo began. The records are confused. Yet no one doubts that the fateful conflict was waged upon that day in June over one hundred years ago. Why should a possible similar confusion in the Resurrection stories disturb our faith in the Resurrection fact?

The other factor making belief in miracles more serious for us is the growing recognition of the uniformity and the universality of law. Because we cannot see in the Resurrection, for instance, an illustration of some law we know, we term it a violation, and refuse to credit it. It may be that our unbelief is due to lingering ignorance rather than to advancing knowledge. Edmund Halley's servant one day let fall a silver

cup into a vessel containing aqua fortis—nitric acid. The cup dissolved. The master, on his return, poured into the same vessel another liquid that precipitated the silver. He then gathered up the metal, melted it, and hammered it back to its former shape. To the astonished servant the achievement was a miracle. To the man of science it was a simple expression of law. There are many thinkers who believe that we should leave the empty tomb a secret of history. These are convinced that to St. Paul the Resurrection was pre-eminently the psychic manifestation of the Risen Lord. They declare that here we have something on which History and Psychology can unite—something, too, that is adequate for the needs of human experience. This may be so, but in my judgment we are on the verge of a clearer understanding of the mystery. Professor J. M. Shaw, of Pine Hill College, Halifax, has a suggestive view. Here are his words: "The only theory capable of explaining all the facts is that the natural body of earth was transformed into the spiritual resurrection-body without anything being left behind in the tomb to undergo corruption and decay. And science itself to-day is increasingly suggesting and corroborating the position that a life of moral and spiritual uniqueness such as Jesus' was, a life untainted by sin, had as its proper correlation a physical uniqueness and a consequent unique physical reaction in relation to

death, so intimate is the connection between the natural and the spiritual." It may be, as hinted on a preceding page, and as Prof. Shaw suggests, that our perplexity regarding the empty tomb follows from our ignorance of great transforming laws on which new light is breaking.

The problem of the believer's resurrection troubles the modern mind in another way. The question "With what body do they come?" seems harder to answer than Job's inquiry: "If a man die shall he live again?" That is to say belief in mere survival does not seem so difficult as the determination of the kind of garment that will clothe the soul. Paul's great argument to the Corinthians, however, seems clear enough. "Thou fool," it says, "that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be. . . . But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him." To quote again from Prof. Shaw: "In the case of Christians or believers the sin-tainted body of earth is left behind in the grave to the process of natural dissolution and decay in order that the spirit may be clothed with a 'spiritual' body—a body which shall be the fit organ of the spirit under more spiritual conditions, a body continuous indeed with the body of earth as regards vital organizing principle but not as regards material physical elements." The familiar conception of Ulrici has always appealed to me.

It was to the effect that by our thoughts, aspirations, purposes and endeavors we are rearing, day by day, the structure that in the after time will be our habitation. What new significance such a belief gives to the old hymn:—

“Building, daily building,
While the moments fly,
We are ever building—
Life-work for on high.
Character we’re building—
Thoughts and actions free,
Make for us a building
For Eternity!”

III

There are general arguments calculated to strengthen faith in the life beyond. I wish to notice four of these. The first is from elemental nature. What, for instance, is the clod beneath our feet? The latest scientific answer is that it is composed of electrons—positive and negative charges of electricity—floating in a sea of ether. “There is no such thing as a solid body,” says Flammarion, “what we call matter vanishes when scientific analysis seeks to grasp it. Our organism is but a current of molecules, a ceaselessly renewed flame, a river which we may look upon all our lives, and yet never see the same water again.” Thus, in our generation, there is being repeated the ancient declaration of Hera-

clitus: "Everything is in flux." And in this constant movement we are learning that there is no such thing as an ending. What seems to be an ending is but a new beginning. Matter changes its form, and energy is transformed, but neither is destroyed. What then about the spirit of man? Is it reasonable to believe that it must perish?

"Naught that we know dies, shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?"

This argument, one may admit, is not wholly comforting. It does not remove the fear that the individual consciousness may be absorbed in the universal mind, as a drop of water is lost in the boundless ocean. But it, at least, establishes a presumption that points the hopeful way.

"O joy that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive."

A second suggestive line of reasoning is from animal nature. Immanuel Kant, in his day, put little value upon theoretical attempts to prove the fact of continued life. He fell back upon the practical. He found, for instance, that no instinct of the Animal Kingdom was without a definite purpose. One led the squirrel to prepare

its food for winter. Another guided the homing swallow on its pathless way. All worked with accuracy. His conclusion was that man could hardly be the only creature offering an exception to the rule. He believed the cry of the soul to be more trustworthy than all the machinery of logic. John Fiske, in more recent years, took a wider view than Kant had done. Looking at the whole ascending series from primitive forms of life to man he reached the same conviction. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis has lately gathered up this argument in a single paragraph: "In vain we ransack all nature for a single instance in which nature's instincts have deceived insect or bird. Does nature use such skill in guiding beasts, but become a blunderer in directing man"? If so, one may add, creation becomes a stairway leading nowhere, and life "a tale, told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

A stronger argument still than either of the two already mentioned is based upon human nature. It has two phases. The first has to do with human nature at its best. In a little book entitled "Science and Immortality," by Sir Wm. Osler, there is an old classification of men and women in regard to belief in after life. In the first group are the Gallionians. These take their name from Gallio of whom we read in the Acts of the Apostles that "he cared for none of these things." The Gallionians profess to put all

thought of the supernatural out of their lives. In the second company are the Laodiceans. These get their designation from the lukewarm members of one of the Seven Churches of the Apocalypse. They hold a traditional belief in continued life, but do not allow their walk and talk to be influenced by it. Practice with them does not conform to theory. In the last band are the Teresians. These take their name from St. Teresa, the Spanish nun, but they might as well have been called after Socrates or St. Francis. They emphasize belief in the future life as one of their controlling forces. In rank they generally belong to the lowly. In numbers they are few. In service and in character they are powerful. Here is Osler's estimate of them: "They alone have preserved in the past, and still keep for us to-day, the Faith that looks through death. Children of light, children of the spirit, whose ways are foolishness to the children of this world—mystics, idealists, with no strong reason for the faith that is in them—yet they compel admiration and imitation by the character of the life they lead and by the beneficence of the influence they exert." Note the significance of this statement. It simply means that the best men and women of our race are surest of continued existence. And what is the explanation of this fact? Osler gives us a hint. He affirms, with Schleiermacher, that the heart is king, rather than

the reason. The more explicit explanation, however, is that purity and obedience are the organs of spiritual vision. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." What a man sees depends upon what he is. There is nothing in the whole realm of philosophy that is more certain than this. Indeed one does not need to be a philosopher to be sure of it. To look through blue glasses is to see all things blue. One of our own contemporaries, walking in her garden some years ago, in a mood of scepticism, suddenly heard this mystic word addressed to her: "Act as if I were and thou shalt know I am." She has since put it on record that obedience to this challenge brought her in due time into the light. Robertson of Brighton made this principle the theme of one of his greatest sermons. Kant made it a foundation stone of his philosophy. Franklin was thinking of it when he asserted that "He who lives to live ever does not fear death." Thus the finest argument for the after-life that we have yet noticed is not an argument at all; it is an experience. He who lives the kind of life that ought to endure needs no help from theoretical demonstrations. He is in the immortal life now. As Horace Bushnell has well said: "Immortality is not an argument concluded; it is an experience begun." To obey and to love mean to see and to know. Is it any wonder, then, that Jesus out of an obedient life

and a pure heart could affirm with no shadow of hesitation: "In my Father's house are many mansions"?

The other aspect of this argument from human nature has a wider basis than the one we have just considered. It starts with the Laodiceans. That is to say, it reasons from human nature in the average rather than from human nature at its best. There is in the human heart an emotive certainty, a feeling-insight, that life here does not end all. This cognition is such a common thing that it may be said to be universal. Many thinkers from the time of Plato to our own day have found in the universality of this instinct a presumption that favors continued life. There certainly is a presumption here, but in my judgment it is in the explanation rather than in the fact itself. What is the explanation? Is it not that the individual consciousness is a part of the universal mind and in substance like it? A thimbleful of water has all the attributes of an oceanful. The feeling-certainty to which I have referred is in the individual consciousness because it is in the universal consciousness. And it is in the universal mind because the latter is acquainted with the totality of things and therefore knows that immortality is a reality.

In a letter urging hope and duty, written by Charles Darwin, to a friend of mine in Toronto, in 1878, I find this sentence: "The strongest

argument for the existence of God, as it seems to me, is the instinct or intuition which we all (as I suppose) feel that there must have been an intelligent designer of the universe; but then comes the doubt and difficulty whether such intuitions are trustworthy." The instinctive certainty that looks toward continued life is perhaps as strong in us as that which is sure of God, and inasmuch as both are so deep and so universal I feel that neither should be doubted. To encourage the dubious attitude taken by Darwin in regard to the fundamental things of our nature is to build the structure of human life upon shifting sand. Robert Browning, in this matter, is a safer guide. Here is the ringing expression of his conviction:—

"I go to prove my soul:

I see my way as birds their trackless way,
I shall arrive: What time, what circuit, first,
I ask not: But unless God send His hail
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive;
He guides me and the bird, in His good time."

But what seems to many the strongest of all these arguments for the after life has yet to be mentioned. It is that from the Divine Nature. Put in simple form it means that if the Creator of the world is a reasonable Being, a possible realization of an after-life must be a part of His

scheme for man. Prof. N. S. Shaler, speaking from the standpoint of science, has this to say about the universe and its workings: "To those who have devoted themselves to natural inquiry, at the same time keeping their minds open to the larger impressions which that field affords, there generally comes a conviction as to the essential rationality of the operations." In other words this man of science believes that the power in control of the natural world is like unto the mind of man. He does not contend that the likeness is complete, but he is convinced that such an hypothesis is the only one that will meet the case. Granting the necessity, or at least the naturalness, of this assumption can the thought be entertained that such a Creator would put into the human heart the longing for a fuller, richer, life beyond the threescore years and ten and yet make no provision for its satisfaction? If the Author of our being has made this omission one cannot but conclude that He is lacking either in wisdom or in power, and that He is accordingly undeserving of our reverence. "It is incredible," cries Tennyson, "that man is not immortal. That would be for a just God to deceive His children."

Not only so: If the attributes of the Creator are akin to those of human nature, and especially to those of the parenthood we know, then the happiness of the Eternal Father is bound up with the immortality of His children. There is a

story in the *Mahabharata* that emphasizes this thought. A stainless king, on account of his pure life, is allowed to enter heaven without tasting death. On coming into the presence of the immortal gods he misses the faces of brothers and friends. Bliss is not blissful to him. "Show me those souls," he cries, "I cannot tarry where I have them not. I desire that region where my brothers and my friends are, be it blest or sorrowful. Where they have gone there will I surely go."

This thought is emphasized, too, by a modern novelist who makes a mother stand at the door of heaven unwilling to enter until the son who has wandered into devious ways returns to go in with her. Both stories are true to human nature. The father and the mother with whom we are acquainted pass sleepless nights so long as the prodigal child remains in the far country. Shall we not expect a like solicitude in the Parentage that is the type and the source of ours? "The great intellect and the Holy Saint," writes Newell Dwight Hillis, "are necessary unto God though not to their fellow-man. Stolen by gypsies the little child soon forgets the palace from which it was snatched, but does the mother forget in the dark spaces of the night? Do her arms lose their emptiness?" The hope of immortality in the Old Testament is largely built upon this consideration. "Thou wilt not leave my soul in Sheol," says the

Psalmist, "neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption." It may be true, as many believe, that the real basis of the argument for immortality lies here—in the prime necessities of the Father-Mother heart of God. To any who find it difficult to rest in, or even to reach, this tender conception of God one may reiterate the familiar command of the Master: "Follow Me." Christian experience is the real doorway into Christian theology. That is to say the certain way to a knowledge of God is through a vital acquaintance with Jesus. The Divine Fatherhood, vaguely suggested by instinct and reason, is mediated and certified through fellowship with Christ. In my own thought belief in God and belief in immortality stand or fall together. My belief in God is ineradicable. Hence my conviction that if a man die he shall live again is sure.*

"There is a sea, a great sea
Beyond the farthest line,
Where all my ships that went astray,
And all my dreams of yesterday,
And all the things that were to be,
Are mine!

* A few readers may wonder why in this discussion nothing has been said of spiritualism. The author can offer no scriptural or philosophic refutation of the underlying assumptions of this movement, but at the present stage he does not feel that he can build any solid argument upon its achievements,

There is a land, a great land,
Beyond the setting sun,
Where every task in which I quailed,
And all wherein my courage failed,
Where all the good my spirit planned,
Is done!

There is a hope, a great hope,
Within my heart instilled,
That if undaunted on I sail,
The guiding star shall never pale,
But shine within my labor's scope,
Fulfilled!

And there's a tide, a great tide,
Flowing towards a goal,
That sweeps by every humble shore,
And at its fullest ebbs no more,
And on that final swell shall ride,
My Soul!

IV

Cicero, meditating upon the fact of bodily decay, after the death of his daughter Tullia, found comfort in the simile of the harpist and the harp. The Soul he likened to the harpist, and the body to the harp. Thus far the argument of this chapter has kept in mind the fitness of the Roman Lawyer's metaphor. The seventh age of man is a time of discord because the performer cannot extract sweet music from disordered strings. Death is separation from an instrument that is out of tune. Upon the other side an organism will be developed that will more nearly express the player's Soul. There is, however, a kind of second childhood, realizable here, that knows little of jarring notes and is peculiar to no age. It is suggested by the Master's saying: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

In the synoptic Gospels, to enter the Kingdom means to accept an invitation, to pass through an open door, to follow Christ. Once, in the Gospel according to John, Jesus speaks of it as a new birth. Why but once? We cannot say. Perhaps because all origins are mysterious. In general the Gospel message is addressed to plain, practical men in a language they can comprehend. Nicodemus, however, is a philosopher, and Jesus, in his talk to him, philosophizes. Broadly con-

sidered, there are two philosophies of happiness. One magnifies the environment without; the other the condition of the spirit within. The well-balanced man will not despise the external. Neither will he over-estimate it. He will admit the reality of matter, but at the same time he will insist that relatively it does not matter. That is to say, he will find the source of health and happiness and usefulness in his own soul. The revelation of this secret—the beginning of the transition from our poor drab present into the splendid future that awaits us—the New Testament calls the new birth. No other term could better describe it. Let us seek to define it more explicitly.

It is a vital change, wrought by a power apparently outside of the personality, issuing in conversion to a new and higher kind of life. The definition implies three things: A regenerating experience, a power accomplishing it, and a quality of life that witnesses to the fact of transformation. What, more precisely, is the nature of this change? It has certain well-defined characteristics. One of these is its centrality. It takes place among the springs of character. The feelings and the thoughts, formerly peripheral, now become central. "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

A second peculiarity is its variability. To one it comes dramatically, it may be violently; to

another silently, without observation—increasing awareness of its presence resembling the approach of dawn after the darkness. Its favorite time is youth, but it knows no exclusive seasons. Old age, maturity, childhood, pre-nativity—all have their visitations. To an inquirer, who wondered why he could not have had the experience of John Bunyan or of Saul, Billy Sunday is said to have replied: "God does not use cannon-balls when He goes out to bring down canaries." Psychology, however, has a better explanation. It affirms that we are constitutionally unlike. Another mark of this renewing process is its reasonableness. In certain fields of experimental science we seem to stand upon the very verge of the creative process. For instance, when the equivalents of sodium and chlorine commingle, the resultant salt is quite different from either.

Carrying up this law from the natural to the spiritual we find that a look of Jesus from without, falling upon a condition of character within, results in a new creation. Zacchæus, the extortionate tax-gatherer, becomes the friend of Jesus. The process in the one case is no more mysterious than in the other. It would appear that each exemplifies a like operation upon a different plane. And when we turn to psychology we discover that the workers in this field have, in our day, given to the new birth a scientific standing. "Were we writing the story of the mind," says

William James, "from the purely natural-history point of view, with no religious interest whatever, we should still have to write down man's liability to sudden and complete conversion as one of his most curious peculiarities." One other feature of the experience we are considering is its necessity. The capacity of the seed for higher things is dead until favoring influences quicken it. The capacity of the egg to become a bird is dormant until the brooding mother vitalizes it. The capacity of the soul for nobility and God lies merely latent until a touch of life renews and arouses it. Life cannot be developed unless it has first been infused or awakened. Birth precedes growth. The word of Jesus here is "Must." This also is the word of common sense.

What is the special agency by which regeneration is effected? Theology and psychology agree that there are forces beyond the conscious personality that bring renewal and redemption. It is in the explanation of these apparently exterior influences that the two sciences diverge. Theology has been in the habit of regarding them as the direct operations of the Divine Spirit. Psychology, on the other hand, has sought their origin within the limits of the human personality. The vestiges of previous experience, in the form of feelings, memories and motives—according to this theory—accumulate in the sub-conscious region of the mind, go through a process of in-

cubation, attain a certain intensity, and finally enter the ordinary field of consciousness as incursions, up-rushes, bursts. But psychology is not dogmatic here. It realizes that there are forces operating of which it has no knowledge. It goes still further. It admits, in the words of Prof. James, "that the external control which is so essential a feature in the regenerating process may, in some cases at least, be interpreted as the theologian has been wont to view it."

My own conviction is that if the psychologist will keep in mind the fact that in the renewing experience some outer stimulus always seems to have a part,* and if the theologian will remember the equally important fact that for the past fifty years the doctrine of the Divine Immanence has been the basis of our sanest theology, there is no reason why the two positions may not be wholly reconciled. In such a case psychology will take its rightful place as theology's finest helper.

What sort of proof is necessary to substantiate the fact that regeneration has taken place? The evidence is two-fold:—External and internal. The external evidence is a fruitage in the realm

* According to Wm. James the late General Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, once made the following declaration: "The first vital step in saving outcasts consists in making them feel that some decent human being cares enough for them to take an interest in the question whether they are to rise or to sink."

of conduct—a turning of eyes and hands and feet toward better ways. The internal proof is a consciousness of new life. Several years ago I had a long discussion with a good woman who argued that every man who has been born again should know the day and the moment of his changed experience. This position is untenable. I once read of two neighbors who made shoes equally well. One was able to recall the precise hour when his apprenticeship had begun. The other possessed no such ability. He had been reared in a cobbler's home, and had been at his trade since childhood. The time of regeneration need not be known. Indeed it generally is not known. The fact of regeneration, however, is plainly knowable. How may I know that I have been born physically? The determining consideration is that I am here, a pulsating entity, working at my desk. A few years ago I was not. In like manner I can demonstrate that I have been born spiritually. I love the true, the beautiful, the good. I have a passion for Christ and His Kingdom. At some time in the past these affections had a beginning. Whence came they? Not from the dust. "Whosoever loveth, is born of God," exclaims John the Apostle. "We know that we have passed from death unto life," the same authority declares, "because we love the brethren." Put into a single sentence, this argument means that life is the evidence of birth.

One question yet remains: What is the distinction between regeneration and conversion? In actual experience the two are difficult to separate, but in logic and in grace the one is the predisposing cause of the other. Regeneration is God's part. Conversion is man's part. Regeneration is the Divine impact and in-breathing. Conversion is the human response. Regeneration is the stirring of Divine Discontentment in the heart of the prodigal. Conversion is the rising up and the coming home. "No man can come to me," exclaims Jesus, "except the Father who hath sent me draw him." But the Father is ever drawing. Through books, institutions and men; through victory, weariness and defeat; through the teaching, the life and the death of Christ, His vision beckons and His love attracts. He is drawing the reader and the writer of this line now. Have we responded yet? If not, why tarry longer? Why not declare with the homesick penitent: "I will arise and go to my Father"? "God and we have business with each other"—so concludes William James,—“and in opening ourselves to His influence, our highest destiny is fulfilled.”

